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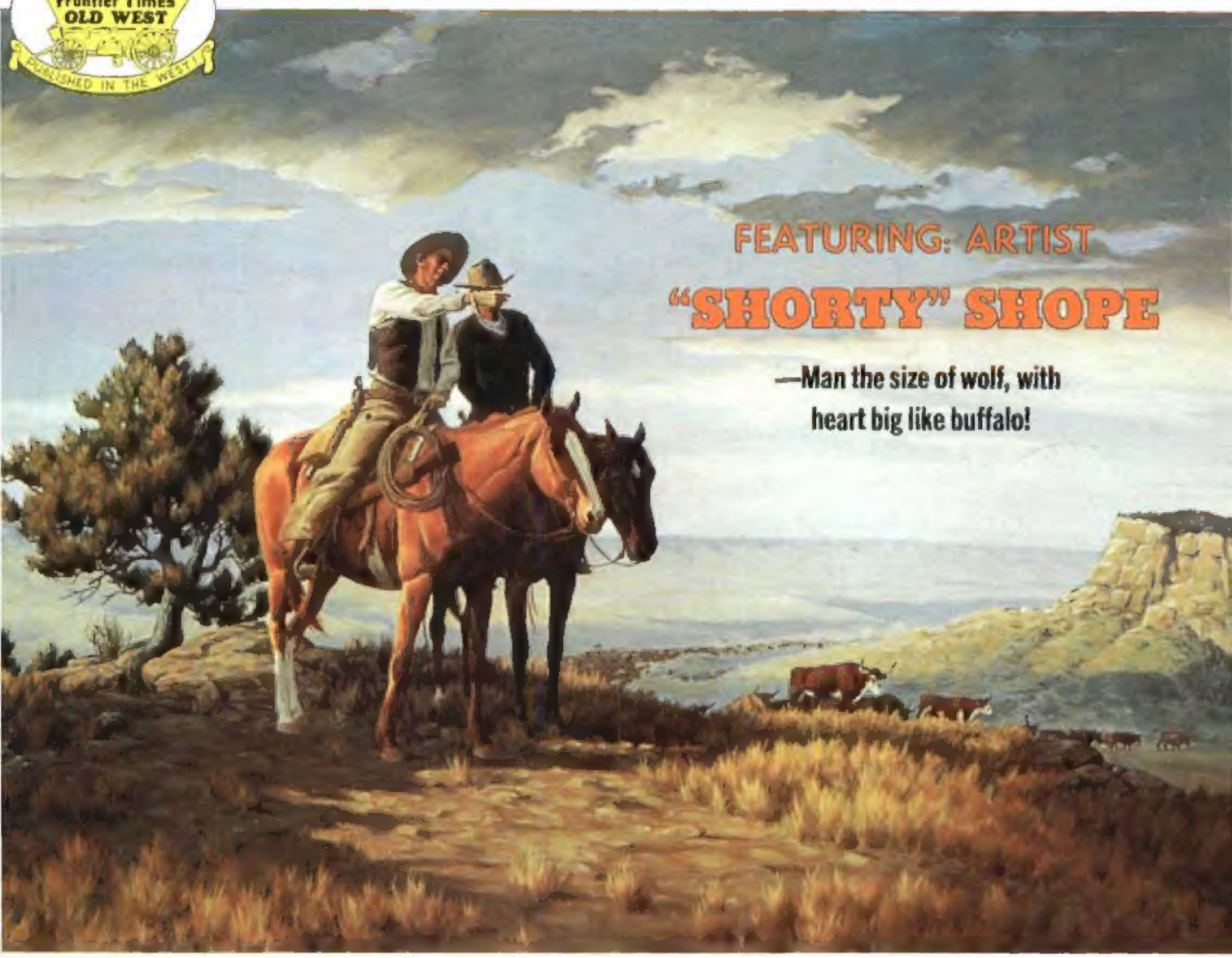

FEATURING: ARTIST
"SHORTY" SHOPE
—Man the size of wolf, with heart big like buffalo!

SAM COLT'S BIG PISTOL

JEKYLL-HYDE OF THE TWIN TERRITORIES

THE DEVILISH LITTLE DEVIL IN THE DEVIL'S PARLOR

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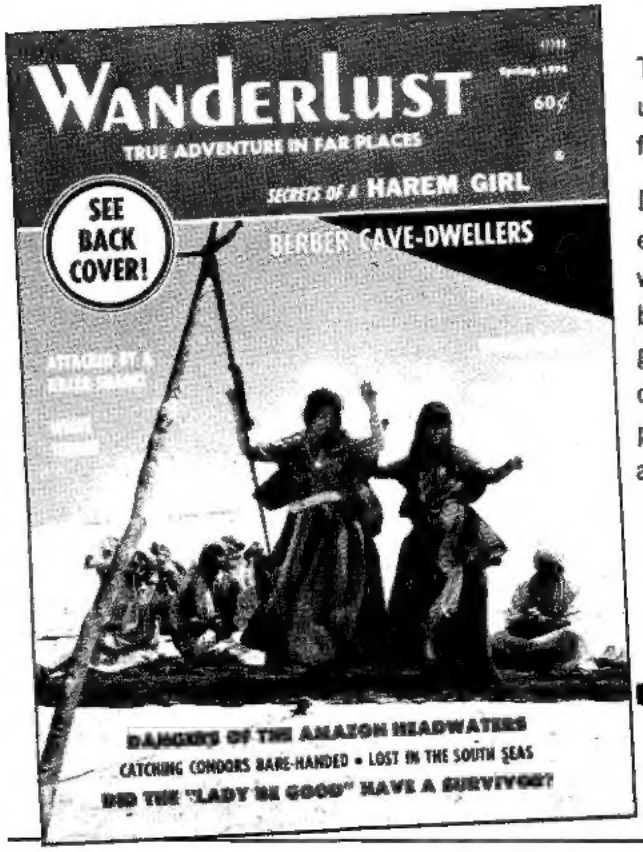
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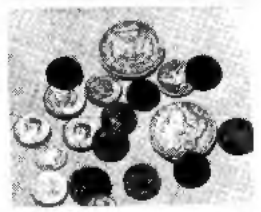

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BY HELEN CLARK

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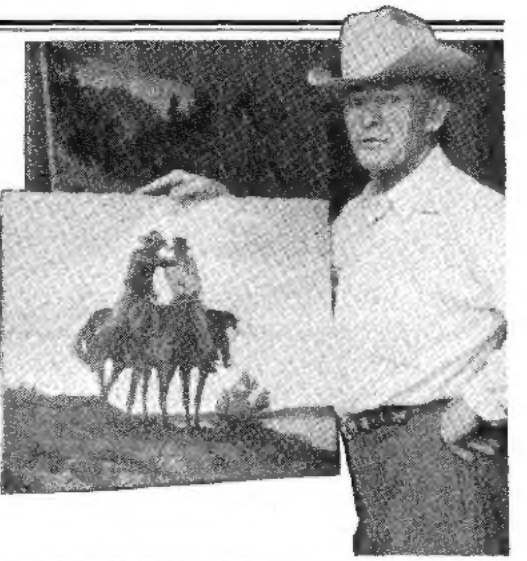

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See page 16

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See page 20

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Taylor

I would appreciate any information on my grandfather, Abraham T. Taylor. He left home before my mother was born and we know very little about him. We heard that he died somewhere in New Mexico or Arizona and was buried by some sheepherder. I have been told that he was a U. S. Marshal at one time, possibly in Texas, and wonder if anyone can verify this.—F. D. Commander, 1320 N. Alleghaney, Odessa, Texas 79761

Behan

I would like to hear from anyone who could give me information on John Behan, sheriff of Cochise County, at the time of the shootout at the O. K. Corral in Tombstone, Arizona. I would like to know where Behan came from, if he ever married, etc. Our relatives, the Behans formerly of Buffalo, New York, are now in Boston, Massachusetts. I will answer all replies on this matter.—J. F. Stack, 719 Clifton Avenue, Niagara Falls, New York 14305

Cooney

My great-grandfather, John Charles Cooney, was born in Callen, County Kilkenny, Ireland June 14, 1846. He came to this country when he was seventeen years old and roomed with Thomas Edison in New York. His trade was stonemason and with that he helped build the tunnel under the Hudson River. After that he moved west with the Pacific & Atlantic Railroad, following his trade and stopping in Winfield, Kansas to marry Mary Ellen Summers April 1, 1880. He continued to follow the railroad into Colorado, then Arizona where he helped build the famous bridge over Canyon Diablo. I would appreciate any information leading to the whereabouts of his six brothers and two sisters, or any information about John C. Cooney and his wife.—Sharon Brown, 2994 Aetna Way, San Jose, California 95121

Parsons

I am attempting to check out a man named E. C. B. Parsons, living in or near Moscow, Polk County, Texas in 1892. His name appears on a petition for the release of John Wesley Hardin from Huntsville State Prison. Any additional information will be appreciated regarding Parsons.—Charles Parsons, 2331 Thor Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin 53405

Phillips

Someone in Colorado or Kansas should know of one Alta Phillips, born in Beverly, Kansas. She became a schoolteacher and still has relatives somewhere in Kansas, probably Wichita or Topeka. She would be eighty-three if still living and is a cousin of mine. If she ever married, I never heard. Our uncle, Steve Knowles, was mostly deaf and had a Civil War musket that I've seen many times. The Phillips, Knowles and Hills were all from Beverly, Lincoln County, Kansas during the 1890s.—Herbert Hill, Route 2, Box 4073, Escondido, California 92025

Floyd-Lewis-Matlock-Stoker

I would like to find the parents of my maternal great-grandfather, William Floyd. He was born in 1789 and married Elizabeth ? in 1826. Where? Children were Ezicial, born in Indiana in 1828; Revis-Abner born in 1829; Nancy born in 1831; Mary Jane born in 1833 in Indiana; Matilda born in Indiana in 1835. In 1850 they lived in Parke County, Indiana.

Mary Jane Floyd was my grandmother. She married Ellis Stoker at Bloomingdale, Indiana in 1876. They went to Independence, Kansas where all of their children were born. Children were Viola E., born in 1877 (my mother); Claude, born 1881; Maude born 1883; Lillie born 1886; Bessie born 1888; Frank born 1892; and Floyd born 1895.

Also would like to find the parents of James Monroe Stoker, possibly born in Indiana in 1821. He married Rhoda Jordan born in Kentucky in 1821. Their children were Betsy Jordan born in 1838; Ellis born in 1843 at Eugene, Indiana; John born in 1844 in Indiana; William born in 1845 in Indiana; and Kearney born in 1848 in Indiana.

Who were the parents of Joseph B. Matlock, born in Lee County, Virginia in 1833? Joseph's first wife was Catherine Morton who died in Missouri in 1870. His second wife was Mary Ellen Lewis born in Harlan County, Kentucky in 1848. Their first child (my father) was born in Bolchow, Missouri in 1872. Besides having six children, most of them born in Independence, Kansas, they had five by his first wife to raise. My father's name was Thomas Lewis Matlock. Was Joseph's father born in Tennessee?—Mrs. Florence M. Jackson, 3111 North Pecan Street, Ft. Worth, Texas 76106

Ohaver

William Fletcher Ohaver, by family tradition, "came West in the Gold Rush and was not heard from again." Yet I still found him at home with his family in Ohio in the 1850 Census. His youngest child was not born until 1852 or 1853. When his father died in 1864 two of William's sons attested that their father had died "some two years ago in Oregon." I therefore believe that if he did come West when the family thought, he must have left again, or that he left later than 1852 or 1853. Could the sons mean the state of Oregon or some town by the name of Oregon? Any help in locating where this man was and what happened to him will be appreciated.—Mrs. Becky Haver, Box 884, West Covina, California 91793

Prang

I would like any information regarding a man or family by the name of Taber Prang or Prano. Was he a painter of Indian pictures before 1904 for an Arts Company in Springfield, Massachusetts?—Mrs. Helen Freed, 317 South Kingsley Drive, Los Angeles, California 90005

Von Cannon

I would like information about my mother's family. She came from Mississippi sometime in the 1880s or 1890s. I don't know my grandfather's first name. The last name was Von Cannon. My grandmother's first name was Martha and she is buried at Kosse, Limestone County, Texas. My mother's name was Texoma. She married my father, Tom Hendrix, sometime in the 1890s at Section #22 on the H. T. C. Railroad near Kosse or Thornton, Limestone County, Texas.

Would like to hear from any Von Cannons or descendants who can give me any information about the family.—E. E. Hendrix, 4720 San Jacinto, #10, Houston, Texas 77004

Koho-Mutzebaugh

My paternal grandfather was Blake Silas Mutzebaugh, born in 1884 in Pennsylvania. He married Stella Phoebe Davis born in Gallatin, Missouri. My maternal grandfather was Thomas Croughan born in 1865 in Sena, Illinois. He married a Mary Winkler born in 1875. Both families later lived in Nebraska around McCook and Hayes Center.

My husband's maternal grandfather, James Edward Goodwin was supposed to have been a Deputy U. S. Marshal in Montana; however we don't know when. He married Gertrude N. Hyson, born 1878 in Illinois. Paternal grandfather James Milton Koho married a Gertrude Smith. We have no dates or places for them. If anyone can "open some doors" on either the Koho or Mutzebaugh families for us, it would surely be appreciated.—Mrs. James E. Koho, 4810 Loukelton Way, San Diego, California 92120

Wood-Staggs-Cox-Crockran Underwood

I would like to have information on any of these people or to hear from any of their descendants. David and William (Bill) Wood lived in Alabama about 1860. William settled around Hamilton, Texas. I believe his wife's name was Sara Crockran. David Wood (my great-

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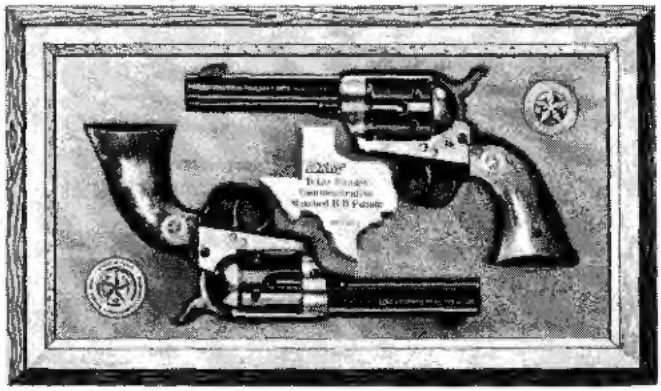

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grandfather) married a Staggs. Their children were Samuel, Houston, Lucy, Mernever, Malissa, and Nancy.

Samuel Wood married a Cox. Their children were Arthur Lee, Theodore Watson, Bernice Elizabeth and four other children who died young.

John Wood's children were David, Henry who married a Stella Cox, Acy, Johnny, Tom, Lexia, Mary who married an Antonio Rhodes. One daughter married John Hair. Lucy, who married a Crockran, was believed to have lived in Holland, Texas at one time. Lucy's children were Israel, Rufus, James, Will, and Johnny.

Would like to hear from some of the descendants of these people. They were my grandmother's brothers: Clarence Cox who lived in Comanche County; Rosie Cox who married an Underwood and lived around Rising Star, Texas; Paul Cox and wife Rody. Paul's sons were Horse and Marian Cox. Clarence had sons Jim, Douglas, Arnal, and Jack Cox.—Mrs. Harriett Holland, Route 1, Box 146, Galveston, Texas 77550

Scott

Joseph B. Scott, born 1832 in Missouri, was the son of Richard Scott (War of 1812 veteran) born in North Carolina and Jane Beaty Scott, born in Virginia. They emigrated from Kentucky to Missouri in 1818. Joseph served in the Civil War in the Missouri Confederate Cavalry along with three brothers Sidney A. (my ancestor), Captain Francis Marion and William W., who lost their lives. The fifth brother, Dr. Leonard A. Scott, a surgeon in General James Raines' Brigade (C.S.A.), survived and later settled in Grayson County, Texas.

A 1929 obituary and feature story on these men's youngest sister says that Captain Joseph Scott was killed in battle. However, Johnson County, Missouri court records indicate that Joseph was living in 1884 (perhaps in Texas). I shall appreciate hearing from anyone with knowledge of what became of Joseph B. Scott; also of possible descendants.

William W. Scott, youngest brother, went home on leave (or at the end of the war) and was kidnapped and hanged by Union sympathizers. He was survived by his wife (nee Cowartin; married in Howard County, Missouri) and child, Walter Scott, who was reared by maternal grandparents in Kentucky. When grown, Walter Scott returned to Missouri and married Viola Ashley of Rich Hill, who died in childbirth, after which Walter went back to Kentucky and died at about age twenty-five. Did his child survive?—Mrs. Paul M. Campbell, 910 Jefferson Street, Minden, Louisiana 71055

Burt-Rippetoe-Young

Armistead Burt, son of Francis Burt and Georgeanna Hall of South Carolina, was born September 30, 1837. He was a physician and married about 1885 Laura Rittetoe (Rippetow) of Georgia, where they lived for a few years. About 1890 they moved to Texas and he was at Turkey Creek. In the early 1900s they were living at Orange, New Mexico where the Georgia family states "Harriet Burt Young (Armistead's sister) died about 1907 at the home of Armistead Burt on her way to California to visit her family." Armistead apparently died at Orange, for the last the family in Georgia heard from them was a letter from Laura in 1918 from Alamogordo, New Mexico giving the names of her children, as follows: Kate (29) married and living in Orange (no married name); Josephine (27); Frank (23); Mary (17); Lee (12); and Bonnie (7). Records of New Mexico in Santa Fe do not go back to 1918 and research in that state has been fruitless.

Orange does not appear on any recent map nor in the Zip Code Directory but it is believed to have been a grazing section between Carlsbad and El Paso. Would appreciate any information on this family.—Mrs. John L. Quinn, Box 2249, Prescott, Arizona 86301

Jaffie

Edward S. Jaffie was born in New York City in 1895. He lived at one time in Chicago, Miami, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Houston, San Antonio and Los Angeles. He was known to be mar-

(Continued on page 7)

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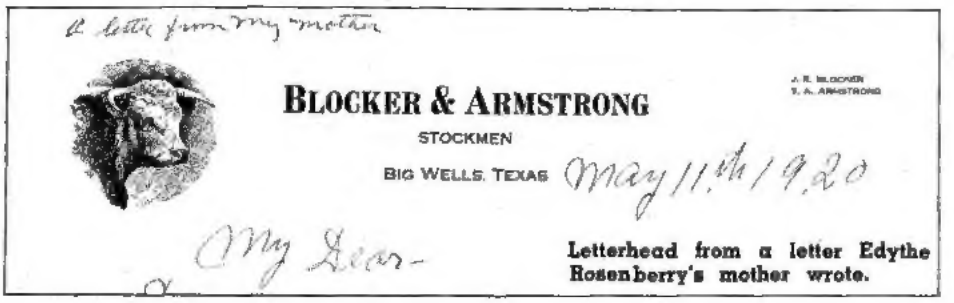


Letterhead from a letter Edythe Rosenberry's mother wrote.

That's My Hand!

I wish you would print more books like *The Best of True West*, 1964. You dedicated this book to Dr. Walter Prescott Webb. On page 454 that is my hand holding the pistol. Lonnie Reese and I had an art studio together. When she was doing these sketches she asked me to point the gun at her so she could make a drawing of it. Of course, she had to make my hand look like a man's hand. —Edythe A. Rosenberry, 1841 West French Place, San Antonio, Texas 78201

Painted Rocks

Read the story "La Piedra Pintada" in the Spring 1973 issue and really enjoyed it. I am enclosing four pictures taken at Painted Rocks in May 1929. The horseshoe and chamber mentioned had been filled with sand over the passing years. It was rumored that a university was to excavate and bring the rock back to its normal state. Have wondered over the years if that ever happened.

Enjoy your magazine so much—so many places I've seen that stories have been written about.—Mrs. Ila L. Deemer, Box 22410, Lake Havasu City, Arizona 86403

Old Wichita

Just got the Summer 1973 issue. I never miss a Walt Coburn story, but Walt surely was in love bad to put his saddle on backwards in his story, "Shanghaied," page 16 (picture).

Would like to hear from anyone who remembers Wichita in the early 1880 period, as my father was a deputy sheriff of Sedgwick County before Oklahoma became a state.—C. A. Royse, 1725 Windsor Road, Wichita, Kansas 67218

Smith Boggs' .41 Colt

I recently came across an antique gun and would be interested in hearing from anybody who could help me. It is a Colt Single Action revolver whose serial number indicates it was manufactured in early 1895. It has a 4¾ inch barrel and is in .41 caliber (supposedly favored by badmen). The right grip has eight notches and on the inside of the right grip is scratched "Smith Boggs 1897" and inside the left grip is "Las Animas Colo."

I would like to correspond with anyone who knows of the gun or Mr. Boggs and I will answer all letters.—Robert J. DeGrilla, 14603 Cindywood Drive, Houston, Texas 77024

Photos Need Their Owners!

I bought an old album at a thrift shop and would like to find relatives of the pictured people, who would enjoy them. Only one is dated, 1882, and the best I can make out is "France Finefroch Rounsville" and "Wallace and Van Atta." The backs of the pictures are printed with scenes, flowers, etc. Baker's Art Gallery, 106 S. High St., Columbus, Ohio: Curtis, Pomeroy, Ohio: Brannan and Graham, Aten, Ohio; and many more. If anyone knows anything about these people please write to me for these are too wonderful to destroy.—Rev. Marian Machesney, 627 West Bennett Street, Compton, California 90220

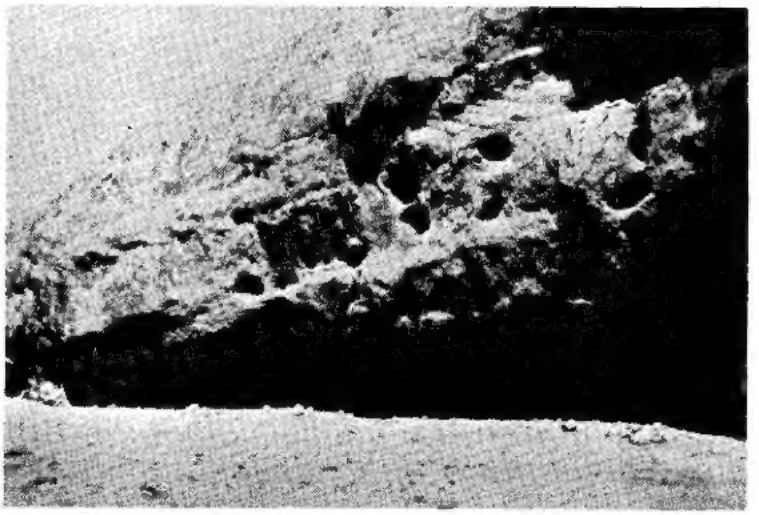
Jackson Home

I need your readers' help. Can anyone tell me about the following picture. There are two stone posts with double-gate wire. There seems to be some reading on each post. In back is what appears to be a log house and over the gate is a huge sign which has 1847 on the top line, Jackson Home-1850 on the next line and Courthouse on the bottom line. A man and woman are standing in front. The man is gray-headed with a gray mustache, a double-breasted suit, a white shirt and striped tie, and a hat. The lady is gray-haired and wears glasses. She has on a blue dress that appears to be styled from around the '20s. She also has an orchid corsage. Does anyone know where this place is? I read all Westerns and never have I read any story about a Jackson Home. My thanks for any information.—Mrs. R. L. Meek, 20542 Hartland Apt. #6, Canoga Pk., California 91306

Charles D. Ferguson

Having read "Experiences of a Forty-Niner during a Third of a Century in the Gold Fields" by Charles D. Ferguson in the Fall and Summer 1969 issues (and having enjoyed it more than any story

Taken on an outing to Painted Rocks in 1929. Mrs. Deemer's children (left to right): Marjori, Ilamay, and Edward McGarvey.



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in all totaled Western magazines), I tried to find C. D. Ferguson's grave in Chico, California, as that was where he left us. I was unable to locate his grave. Can anyone tell me if he is buried in Chico, or was he buried in Ohio? It is tragic and heart-breaking to see the thick weeds, brush-covered, and growth of greenery over the old graves of pioneer California builders because someone won't pay for perpetual care. Wish I could—I would pay for all of them. —Joe Dee Laramie, 5317½ So. Rosemead, Pico Rivera, California 90660

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 5)

ried a second time to a Gertrude Mueller. I would like any information on him or brother Joseph.—Edward F. Jaffie, Route 1, Box 103, Bandera, Texas 78003

Barnett

I would appreciate any information on a family named Barnett who moved from Texas to New Mexico. Jim Barnett and wife, Sweetie, had two sons, Allie and Ollie, and a daughter, Dovie.—W. M. Wallace, 7932 East Malven Place, Tucson, Arizona 85710

John Parsley Family

John and Nancy Parsley left Sparta, Missouri about 1895 by wagon. They went over the Boston Mountains, and after a two-year trip, reached Conroe, Texas where they settled. The family consisted of John, Jr., Asaroy, Green, Eddie, Frank, Sverett, Mandy, and Martha Ann. I hope anyone having information on this family will contact me.—A. A. Roberts, 911 McKeehan, Rock Springs, Wyoming 82901

Shipley

I would like to hear from anyone who might know something about the family of Sterling Price Shipley who came from Fulton County, Arkansas. Sterling's father was a Methodist preacher but I don't know his name. Sterling Price married a girl whose last name was Adams. I have been told two first names for her—Mary Ann Elizabeth or Mollie Ann.

They had about seven or eight children and she died at McLoud, Oklahoma in 1898. One of their sons was born April 16, 1894 at McLoud. He is Ether Eldridge Shipley, my father.

Any information on Sterling's wife, her family, or Sterling's parents would be appreciated.—Frank D. Shipley, 719 Seiling, Alva, Oklahoma 73717

Doughty

The following is taken from a letter to G. W. Tinkle from Columbus T. Denny, written in 1916.

"We have seven children, five girls and two boys. The railroad runs about 150 yards south of our house and we have a station here called Dunn. The little town is located on Old Uncle Bill Smith's place just one quarter mile east of our place. Three stores, blacksmith shop, church and school.

"George Douglas lives in Mt. Grove, in the hardware business. John Douglas is in Oklahoma near Elk City. Sam Fry married but he and his wife are both dead. The Frys are all gone except John and Bill, and Uncle John is awfully feeble. The Stubbs are all gone except two of Uncle Huse's boys. I own the east forty of your old place but the house and barn have been torn away more than thirty years and that part is all in timothy and clover and belongs to a man by the name of Calhoon. There aren't many of the old settlers here that lived here when you left. John Hughes lives at Ames, Oklahoma. G. W. Hellums lives somewhere in Kansas. He has a son at Enid, Oklahoma. Willis Oxley and Joel are living here yet. The older ones are all dead. Lewis Sander lives about two miles south of here and you also wanted to know what your old place is worth. Such land is worth from fifty to sixty-five per acre. There isn't much land changing hands now. When you see John Dixon and James Doughty please tell them that I would be more than pleased to hear from them and if they will write I'll certainly answer if I don't neglect it like I have J. C. Pope."

"Coming!"

James Doughty was my mother's father. He was born in 1867 somewhere near Mountain Grove, Missouri and came to Texas as a young man. He had one brother and five sisters. One of his daughters, Vida Ruth Lewis of Bowie, Texas states that John Dixon married Ida Doughty. Columbus T. Denny married Susie Doughty and J. C. Pope married Betty Doughty. So it seems that James Doughty was a brother-in-law of John Dixon, J. C. Pope and Columbus T. Denny. The other people in the letter are unknown to us, maybe they still have relatives residing in Missouri. If so, please write.—Robert L. Self, Box 76, Montaque, Texas 76251

Lilly

I am writing to find out if any of your readers have information about the James gang or the Quantrill gang that came out of Kansas, crossed the territory up to Kentucky where they surrendered in 18—. There was a man in the gang by the name of James or Jim Lilly. I'd like to know anything about him or any Lillys from around Kentucky.—Martha Lilly Pratte, 921 Poplar, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101

Ard-Mefford

Seeking data of Ard and Mefford surnames.—Mrs. G. D. Yarnell, Box 177, Versailles, Missouri 65084

Goza

I would like to hear from anyone named Goza. Anyone knowing a family or person with this name, please call their attention to this request. All letters will be answered.—Joe A. Goza, Box 404, Calera, Oklahoma 74730

Portis-Sharp

I would appreciate information on parents and descendants of John Benjamin Portis and Nancy Susana Sharp who married at Cotulla, LaSalle County, Texas August 21, 1885. Nancy was born in Coryell County, Texas circa 1867 and was the daughter of David Addison Sharp and Mary Francis Shelton. John Benjamin Portis was born circa 1863 in Coryell County, Texas.—Mrs. John C. Portis, Route 2, Box 306, Snyder, Texas 79549

Morris

I am interested in information on Eli and Rachel Morris. Eli fought in the Civil War. He married Rachel sometime in 1855. Rachel was born July 11, 1839 in Sangamon County, Illinois. She died in 1926; Eli in 1908. Their children are Nellie who married Alvin Gregg; Agnes who married Sam Miller; Kettie who married John Hanrmond; Ruth who married Aruther Whitney— their boys are John, Ben, James and Hurly. Hurly was born in Rantoul, Illinois. He married Emily Asherman who was born in Lostant, Illinois.

Eli and Rachel are my great-great-grandparents; Hurly and Emily are my great-grandparents. I would like to hear from any descendants of their children. —Mrs. Mark Eisenbarth, R. R. 2, LuVerne, Iowa 50560

Crane (Crain-Craine)

I would like to hear from anyone having information on one David Crane (Crain, Craine), a native of Carleton County, New Brunswick, Canada. David was born in 1836, the son of Oliver Crane and his wife Elizabeth (Betsy) Brown, early New Brunswick settlers. He died in the Civil War while fighting for the North. Date and places are unknown, except that he was in his early twenties.

Can anyone help me with information on this man? Would also like to receive information on the Crane family—its background, origin, distribution, etc.—Eugene C. Campbell, 260 King Street East, Saint John, N. B., Canada

Beck-Downing

I am searching for information on my great-grandfather, Oren Beck. He came from Georgia over the Trail of Tears when he was only eleven years old. Oren's father was Ellis Beck and his

(Continued on page 48)

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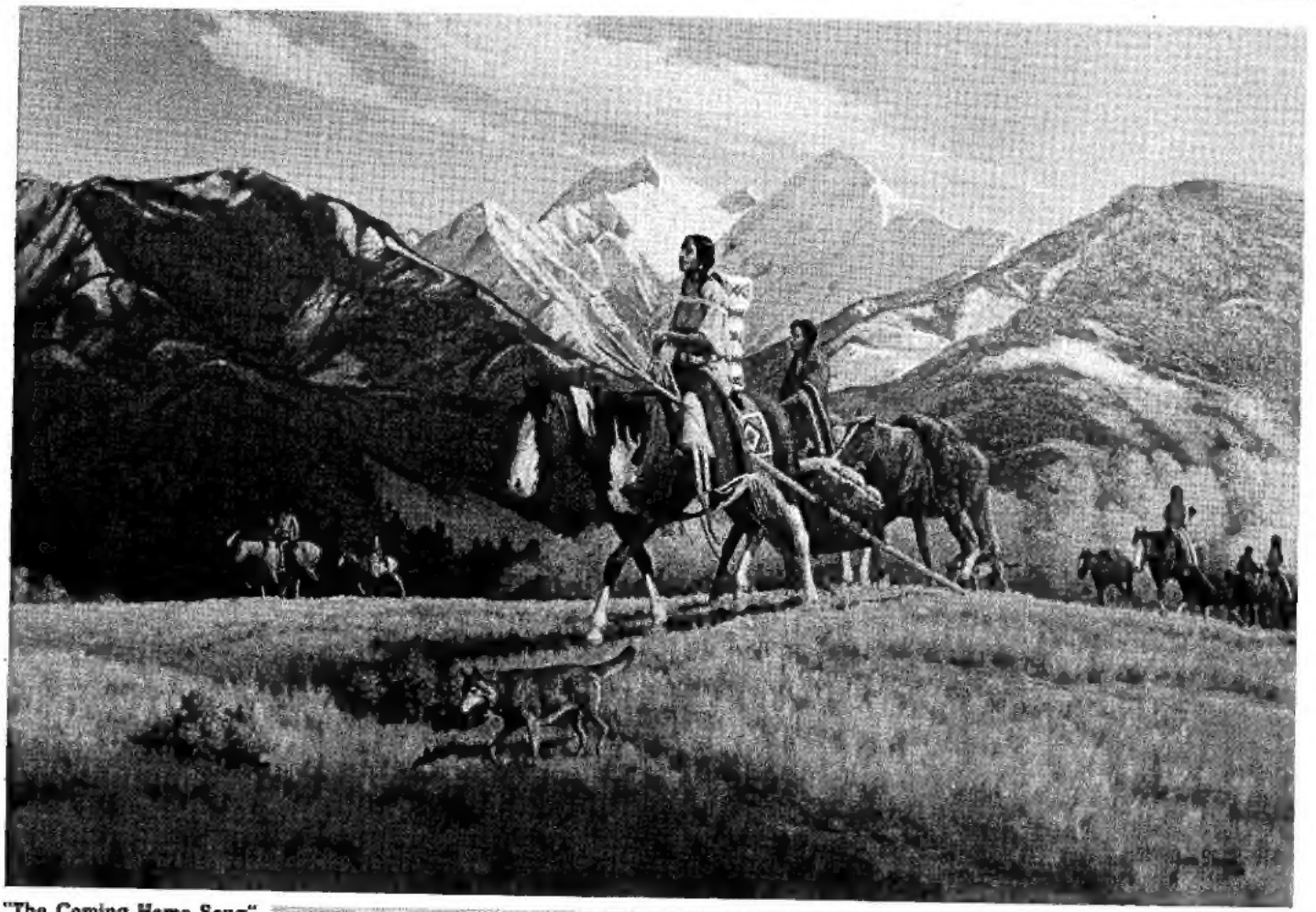
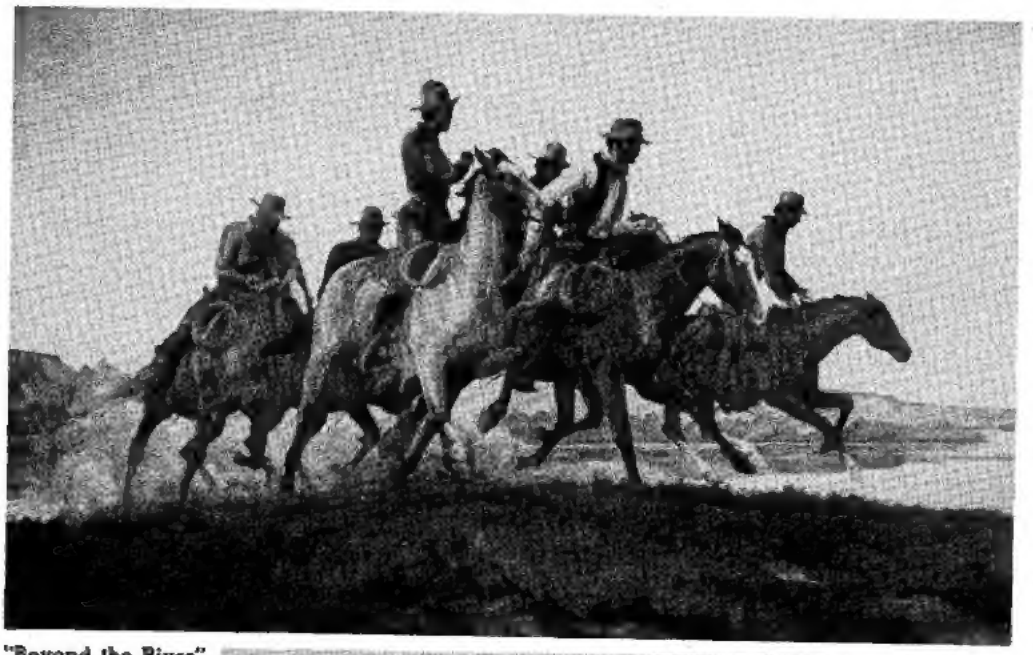
Artist "Shorty" Shope



"The Coming Home Song" Courtesy Irvin Shope



"Beyond the River" Courtesy Irvin Shope

"Where Wheels Had Never Rolled"

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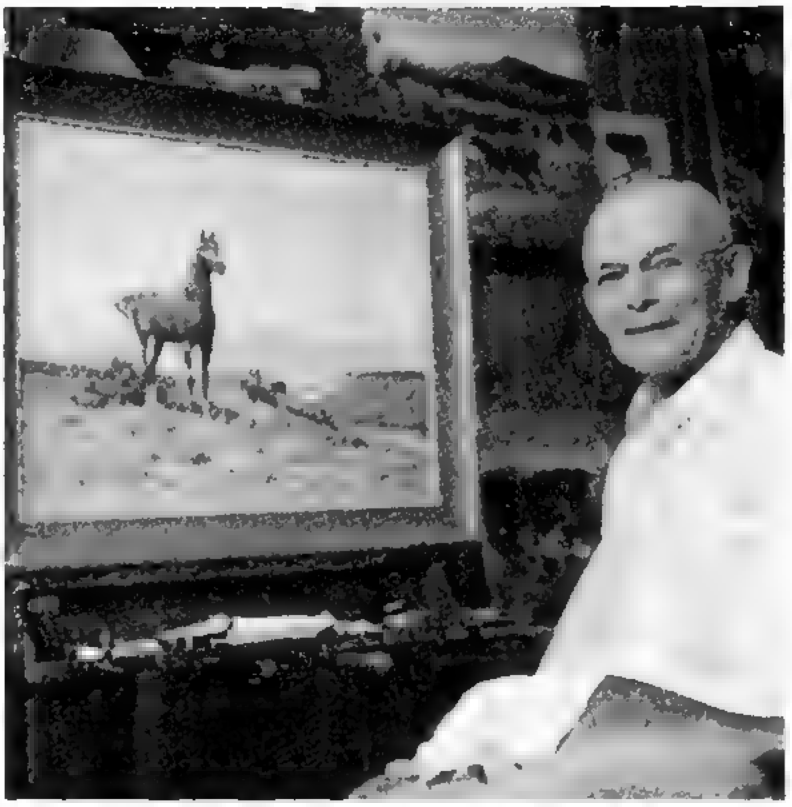
Man the size of wolf, with heart big like buffalo!

"Joe LaMoose"



Irvin "Shorty" Shope in front of his easel at Helena.

"The Muzzle Loader" Courtesy Irvin Shope

By HELEN CLARK

Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy Irvin Shope

IRVIN SHOPE, better known in Montana as "Shorty," is one of his native state's outstanding artists. Born 73 years ago on his father's Circle Arrow Ranch in Boulder Valley, his boyhood love was horses, a love he never outgrew; and although today he lives in Helena, he still has a stable of horses quartered in his back yard. His entire family rides.

"When I was old enough to make my way drawing cowboy's wages, I punched cows," Shorty says. "My father died when I was twelve, so I had to go on my own. Mother wanted me to be well schooled, but in between the schooling I plied the trade of cowboy. I'm glad I did. I worked cattle in the Tongue River country out of Miles City and in the beautiful Pahsimeroi country north of Challis, Idaho. I gained an insight into that kind of living which was to help better my art."

Polio, which struck Shorty when he was nine, was one enemy he had to do battle with, and he never completely recovered from this crippling disease although he can still sit a horse with the best of them. But it was apparent it would hinder him from making ranching his life's work. For the world of art, Shope's misfortune was probably its gain, for Shope became, with application, a top-ranking interpreter of the West.

FOLLOWING his high school years and summers of cowboying, he went to the School of Portland Art Association. Later he enrolled at Montana State University (now the University of Montana) at Missoula, where his family had moved.

In this city Shorty met an elderly

"Fat Meat Runs at the Head of the Hunt"

Shope excels at wildlife portrayal such as antelope in action. Montana has many pronghorns, and Shorty and his family hunt them annually.

"Night Trailing Through the Thirsty Land"

artist who was to greatly influence his life. The man was Edgar S. Paxson. Shorty was given access to this artist's home and studio, and the young man's motivation toward an art career was greatly accelerated. Today Shorty paints on an easel which belonged to Paxson.

Shorty's schooling at the University was sporadic, so in-between-times he took correspondence courses in art through Federal Art Schools. He didn't graduate from MSU until 1933, but he did get his degree in Art. And he furthered his training by studying under Harvey Dunn at Grand Central School of Art in New York City, and in Minneapolis.

Like Paxson, Shorty began illustrating books and magazine covers, and in time oil paintings by Shope were reproduced by calendar companies, such as Shedd-Brown. But none of this happened overnight.

Among the books he has illustrated are Howard's *Montana—High, Wide and Handsome* and *Strange Empire*; Davis' *Team Bells Work Me*; Ely's *The Lost Dutchman Mine*; Brando's *The Men and the Mountains*; and Ferris' *Life in the Rocky Mountains*. With each assignment came greater confidence and a greater following. And commissions were forthcoming from Montana Power Co. and the State of Montana.

Shorty was commissioned by the University of Montana to paint panels for its famed Forestry School, these depicting the history of forestry in the Far West. His murals also adorn the walls of the Montana State Highway Department

"Exploration" First Nations Bank and Trust Company of Helena Collection

National Cowboy Hall of Fame

"Pursued"

Bruce B. Galker Collection

Building. Elsewhere in Helena his work can be seen in the First National Bank, The Western Life Insurance Company, and in the Junior High School.

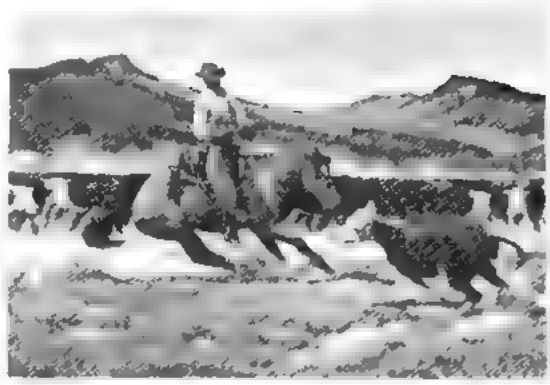
In the state capital's Veterans and Pioneers Memorial Building are Shope dioramas of great interest to tourists. One portrays copper king Marcus Daly with his two partners in mining, Senator George Hearst and James B. Haggin, Sacramento millionaire, as they look over their Anaconda Mine in Butte, Montana. Another shows an early-day cattle ranch; another, the early-day methods of stringing high tension electric lines with the use of teams and wagons. For a Canadian paper company, Shorty has done oil paintings dedicated to the life of the Red-Coated Mounties.

Cattle drives in the rugged terrain out of Miles City; outlaws racing their mounts by moonlight; wild mustangs riding the wind ahead of their pursuers; hunters cornering a wounded grizzly; antelope fleeing over the prairie at sunrise—these are typical subjects. Shorty has also painted many moving scenes of Indian life. Because of the way he has depicted the red man in oils, water colors and black and white studies, he has won the respect of Montana's seven Indian tribes.

In 1937 the Blackfoot Indians made him a blood brother, bestowing the name "Moquea Stumick," meaning "Wolf Bull," —"Man the Size of Wolf With Heart Big Like Buffalo." Shorty is only five feet, four inches tall and quite slender. But he is strong of muscle, and annually

"Commerce"

First National Bank and Trust Company of Helena Collection



"On a Loose Rein"

Paintings (above, below and left) were reproduced by calendar companies.

goes big game hunting for elk, deer and antelope.

NEWSPAPERMAN Clyde Reichelt, researching a story to honor Shope in the Great Falls *Tribune*, disclosed that in his early days, Shorty did illustrations for pulp westerns, such as *Lariat* and *Triple-X*, plus sketches and advertisements for Justin Boots. He also disclosed that Shope and Western artist Will James were fast friends.

Reichelt tells it this way: "After James and Shope met in 1926, Shope used to ride down to visit the author on his Pryor Creek ranch. Shope was uncertain about returning to the University then, and he found that James wasn't much for education either. One of Shope's highly prized letters contains this James philosophy: 'Schools are all right—but the most important things are learned out of them places. Never was there myself; ain't at all suffering. . . .'"

Another artist who also influenced Shope's life was, of course, Charlie Russell, and Shorty quotes him often in interviews. "Charlie told me: 'Stay with the West, boy—the men, the horses and the country you like and want to study are here.'"

In 1966, Shorty was voted into the National Cowboy Artists Association in Oklahoma City.

In November 1972, Shorty was one of four alumni of the University of Montana to be given the UM Distinguished Service Award. The University honors four of its distinguished alumni in this manner each year.

His work has been exhibited and sold at the Grand Central and Kennedy Art Galleries in New York and the Desert Southwest Gallery in California.

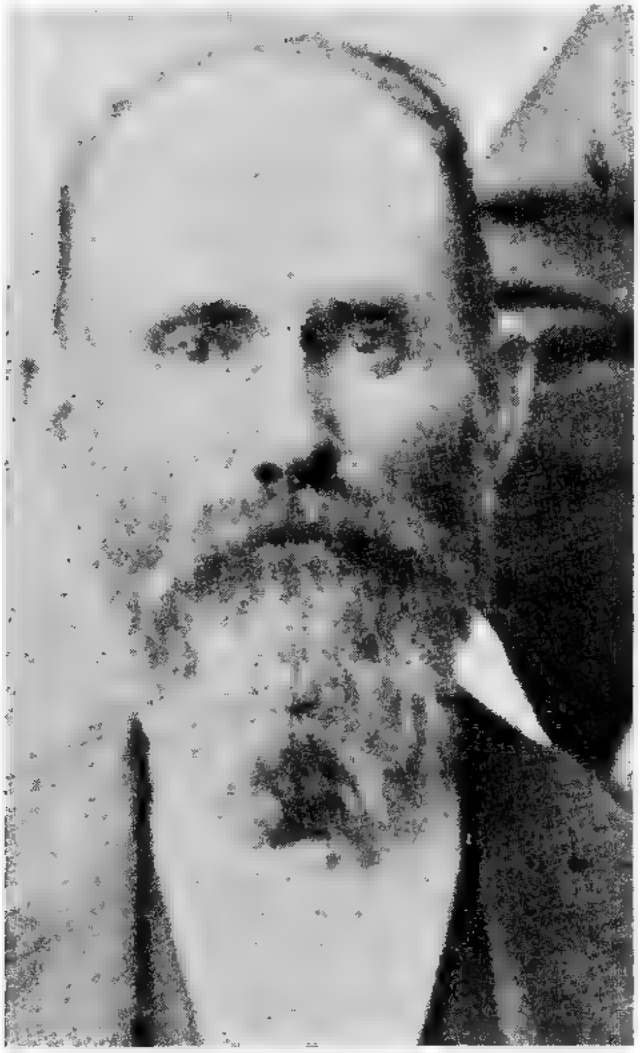
It is to Irwin Shope's credit that he is generous with his talents, and has instructed many classes in art for Montana Institute of the Arts members. He has had many one-man exhibits and his works hang in hundreds of homes throughout the West. He is a respected, dedicated artist and he is leaving behind him a documentation of the West which future generations will highly venerate.

Shorty Shope standing by a diorama he created on early cattlemen in the state, located in the Montana Historical Society Museum, Helena.

"MacDonald Mountain"

"Grub-line Rider"

Courtesy Etta M. Jenkins



Franklin H. French, first white man known to have found the silver.

The Navajos' white iron flowed through unbelievable terrain. Landmarks became mirages; ground haze obscured the obvious and highlighted the nonexistent...

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

LOST

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE rippled surface, which looked like water flowing into the wash, was thirty feet wide and of unknown depth. The amazing formation emerged from the base of a volcanic butte and was of the same purplish black color. Jagged edges of like material appeared horizontally in exposed ledges between lava banks.

Pure silver? Turning toward Nezki Begay, the Navajo who had led him there, William H. Walker stared questioningly.

"Break off a piece, my friend," the Navajo said quietly.

With a ballpeen hammer the burly, middle-aged Walker struck at the surface. The hammer almost bounced back in his face.

"Better to try the edges," came the Indian's stolid advice.

Retreating slowly, Walker reached a projecting ledge about two inches thick. The surrounding area revealed evidence of having been mined over a long period of time. The exposed portions were the same color as the deep bed under the towering butte. The surface bore the appearance of once being molten, cooling

Below: Nipple, Sphinx, and Chandler Buttes, west of Castle Butte, are in the center of the area searched for the lost river of silver. Right: Asa Gordon was chased out by the Navajos while hunting the lode he once found during a snowstorm.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chimney Butte, north of Winslow, Arizona, is near where the lost silver lode is believed to be.

RIVER of SILVER

so fast the water-like ripples were fixed permanently.

Walker struck gingerly, surprised to find the curious ledge so hard. Using force in the next blow he cracked a piece loose as large as his hand. The broken edge, in the late afternoon sunlight, resembled silver.

"You see?" the Navajo said softly. "I do not lie. Get some—fast— and us go 'way from here!" He was plainly nervous.

When Walker had filled a grain sack half-full of the ore it was already too heavy to carry. Nezki Begay refused to come closer or help him tote it. To lighten the load Walker tossed several of the larger pieces back under the ledge.

The Navajo remained tense and silent all the way to the pickup truck parked on a distant sheep trail. It was the nearest they could get to the wash and the mysterious butte which stood deep in the wastelands of the Navajo Reservation, forty miles north of Winslow, Arizona.

DEPOSITING the sack in the pickup bed, Walker got behind the wheel, his Indian friend beside him. As the sun passed over the horizon they were again on a narrow dirt road headed south. Four miles along it, near an abandoned sheep corral and hogan, Nezki Begay held up his hand.

"I live here," he lied.

Slowing to a stop Walker waited for him to get out. Instead, the Navajo asked tersely, "You pay me?"

"This stuff *looks* like silver," Walker replied, "but it will have to be tested before I'm sure."

The Navajo protested at once. He had been helping Walker on a carpentering job at the Keams Canyon Hopi Indian Agency. Over a four-months period the two men became friends. Several times Nezki Begay had told Walker that he knew where silver ran out from under a tall mountain. Walker joked him about it. Then came the day that the job was finished, and Walker told the Navajo he would give him $100 to be shown the silver.

What started out as good-natured joshing didn't end that way. So now without haggling Walker handed him five $20 bills. Nezki Begay had been a good workman. The Navajo stepped down and out of the pickup, pausing thoughtfully.

"I tell you the white iron belong to Beesh Ligaii Yitsidi Sa (Old Silversmith) ?"

"So you did, but he's dead."

"Before he go he put bad words on it. He say nobody goin' have his mine of white iron which he made into jewelry."

(Continued on page 41)

Below: Typical butte country. Any one of the three medium-sized buttes in the center might hide the lost silver. Left: William H. Walker, the third and last white man to find and bring out some of the ore.

THE ONLY CONCHITA

THE DEVILISH LITTLE DEVIL IN THE DEVIL'S PARLOR

MANAGED & SUPPORTED BY ·MUNIS·LEO·

In her Wonderful Spectacular Comedy introducing Startling Illusions, Optical Delusions, Clever Tricks and Originalities, Dialogues, Novel Characters, Surprising Complications Specially Composed and Appropriate Music, Ingenious Stage Mechanism, Incomprehensible Vampire and Star Traps, Sword Combats, Acrobatic Demon and Miss Conchita's Great Vocal Specialites in the English, French, German and Spanish Languages. Time of Representation 45 to 60 minutes.

189—

By VICTOR H. WHITE

Photos, Letterhead Courtesy Author

ONE DAY in 1965 my wife and I were visiting Sonora in the California gold country. In a druggist's window was a startling notice—"Conchita" was to perform that evening at the local theatre. Along with her, the "Leo Brothers" would exhibit their marvelous acrobatics. There were other relics of bygone days in the same window.

We went in and talked to the proprietor and found that a few old things which had turned up around town had been placed in his window to attract attention.

I had a copy of exactly the same billing poster, inherited from my mother. At the time of her death, Conchita had been retired for forty years—after only eight years of childhood and thirty-one on the stage. Before she died she gave my mother her collection of theatre and circus material and also her personal theatrical make-up box, an intimate and

Photo of the stationery used by Conchita. Picture in the "C" is a good likeness. Her makeup box (above right) has compartments for combs, brushes, manicure scissors, etc. The ostrich feather fan, sterling silver brush, jewel jar, and mirror are antiques of that time but did not belong to her.

unique bequest indeed. This had been twenty-five years before.

Maria de la Concepcion Serifina Bacigalupi (Conchita) was born in New York in 1861. At eight years of age she was playing the part of Little Willie in "East Lynn." Later she joined the Childs Opera Company to tour the West Indies. When she returned to New York she met John B. Shaw, one of the Leo Brothers, an acrobatic act, and married him when she was sixteen.

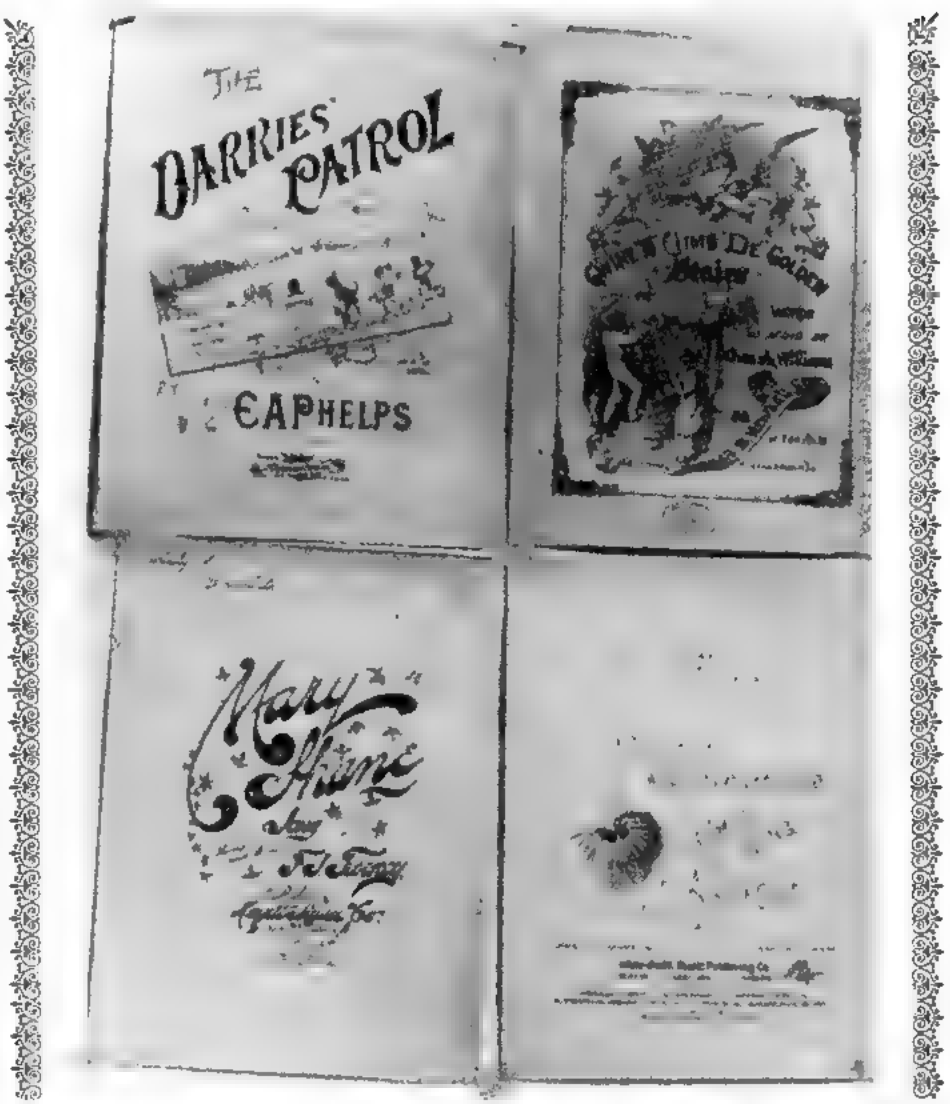
Together they followed a circuit in 1886 and '87 which crisscrossed the continent—El Paso, Denver, Leadville, Cripple Creek, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington Territory, British Columbia. But Conchita had been on the road long before that particular tour with her husband.

She had crossed the country shortly after the transcontinental railroad had been completed and had done much of her early traveling by stagecoach. One coach had been held up by bandits in the wide open spaces and when the outlaws were told that a famous actress was aboard, they scoffed and demanded that she perform for them. Conchita accommodated them by standing dramatically in the desert and singing "Is Mother Thinking of Her Boy?"—and with such poise that passengers, driver and bandits were abashed.

When she finished, the robbery attempt was given up. The armed men demanded that Conchita cup her dress to receive a donation, then tossed gold coins and nuggets into her lap. The stage driver and other passengers expressed their appreciation by joining with contributions of their own. The story cannot be corroborated by written evidence, but it was told to my mother and me many years ago by Conchita personally when she was living quietly and unboastfully in retirement as Mrs. Shaw. Some people feel that such happenings are exaggerations, hero-worship and folklore, but I am absolutely certain that at least some of them are literally true.

Another story told by "Leo" Shaw, Conchita's husband, and published in a Seattle newspaper at the time of his death, related that Shaw was performing in Denver one night when two shots sounded from a saloon adjoining the auditorium where he and Conchita were billed. Shaw saw a man stagger into the rear of the theatre and fall to the floor. The theatre manager, who was nearby, called out, "Go on with the show!"

Shaw replied, "Not until you do something for that fellow who's hurt."

The manager yelled back, "He's not hurt, Pardner, he's dead. Go on with the show!"

Sheet music for four of the songs Conchita sang. Notice hand-written "Property of Conchita" in the upper left corner of "Mary Shane."

CONCHITA, after her marriage, kept in close touch with a sister. I have an 8½" by 22" pink flyer announcing the appearance at Theatre Comique in Butte, Montana of "The Marvelous Leo Brothers; Master Joe, The Smallest Living Clown; and the Charming and Talented Leo Sisters, Conchita and Joaquina. Introducing Popular Songs from 'Olivette' including Valse Song, Sob Song, Torpedo the Whale, and Sailor's Hornpipe. Also Flags of all Nations, Introducing Drake's Address to the American Flag and their original song, 'The Flag of Butte City'."

Views of the depot and business district, Denver, taken shortly after the days of Conchita.

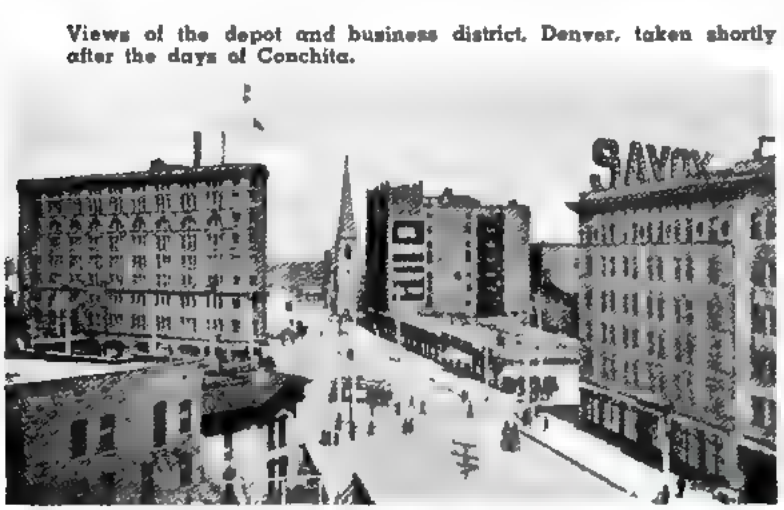


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Photo of original advertising sheet 2½′ by 4′, for a comedy.

This is the only time that Conchita shared her glory with another—the only time she became just one of the "Leo Sisters." Conchita and Joaquina were not Leos, but they were sisters. There was no such family as Leo except as a stage name for John B. Shaw who appeared always as one of the Leo Brothers. In the Butte billing the "Leo Brothers," "Master Joe, The Smallest Clown" and the "Leo Sisters," all appeared as separate acts on the same program.

Conchita had kept in close touch with her sister, Joaquina, because "Master Joe, The Smallest Clown" was now in the picture, having been born while Conchita was on tour. Joaquina cared for the baby between Conchita's curtain calls, and Little Joe began appearing in his own separate headline act when he was four years old. The little boy was quite versatile. Billed as "The Smallest Living Clown," in Butte City; as "Master Joe Leo, the Most Wonderful Child Artist on the American stage" in San Francisco; "The Youngest Vocalist, Mimic, Dancer, Acrobat on the Vaudeville Stage," in Port Blakely, Washington Territory, fifteen days later he was performing "on the flying rings in which he stands pre-eminent" in Victoria, British Columbia.

Conchita found time to devote her energy and talent to promoting a benefit for the Actor's Fund of America at H. C. Miner's Bowery Theatre in New York on March 3, 1887 and she also gave birth to a little girl, Emily.

Under the usual loving care of Joaquina, by the time Emily's mother finally got back to finish a three-year stand at the Cordray Theatre in Seattle, Emily had become a charming young lady.

The entire troupe joined the gold rush, including Joaquina and Emily. But Joaquina (who had now become Mrs. Higgans), Mr. Higgans and Emily successfully sought their fortune in Alaska rather than succumbing to the rigors and wild fortunes of the stage. Emily was raised under the shielding influence of Joaquina and her husband, whom Alaska had blessed with reasonable wealth. She went to school in the East, later graduating as valedictorian of her class from the University of Washington. Emily later married Walter Reese, who, before the days of colored photography, did most of the art work for the covers of *Vogue Magazine* before becoming art director at the Cornish School in Seattle. Reese died in Seattle in 1943 and Emily eight years later.

IN ALASKA, between 1898 and 1900, Shaw and Conchita played to packed houses with "Joe Leo Shaw," their growing teenager as well as appearing independently as the "Leo Brothers" and "Conchita."

I was still a small child in Colby, Washington and had no idea that I had any stake in the matter, when Conchita with her husband and son narrowly escaped drowning after a riverboat, on which they were traveling, sank in the upper Yukon. All of Conchita's luggage was lost. Had it not been for that unfortunate shipwreck I might now possess Conchita's Alaskan correspondence, theatre programs and billings, along with the others.

Conchita's third child was named Hugh. He was born when the couple was nearing forty, and Conchita was determined to rear at least one of her children. She and her husband purchased a small acreage less than half a mile from our home.

(Continued on page 53)

Right: Programs on which Leo Brothers, Conchita, Leo Sisters (in Butte), and Little Joe Leo appeared are of Wigwam Garden Theatre, San Francisco; Holland's Theatre, El Paso; Port Blakely Hall, Washington Territory; Theatre Comique, Butte City, Montana; and Bijou Theatre, Seattle. Below: View of one of the gold mines of Cripple Creek, Colorado, on an old postcard, in the days when Conchita performed there.

DYRENFORTH'S ASSAULT ON THE HEAVENS

By PAT HENRY

Illustrated by Willard Ballow

The rainmaker chased clouds with the dedication some men reserve for chasing women. Unfortunately, both pursuits can be expensive propositions with uncertain results!

IN the dry summer of 1891 Robert George Dyrenforth, special agent, United States Department of Agriculture, packed a ton of explosives, sixty-eight giant balloons, the makings for 100 kites, and headed for Texas. His mission: break the drought.

This expedition to blast rain *from* heaven was the first of four fiascoes which entertained the nation for over a year. In Andrews County, in El Paso, San Diego, and San Antonio, citizens risked both their money and their reputations for common sense on the project.

Forming the basis for the series of experiments was an ancient theory that battle noises puncture the atmosphere to release raindrops. Napoleon and William T. Sherman believed this; and many Civil War veterans swore that rain fell after battles.

In 1880 General Daniel Ruggles of Fredericksburg, Virginia patented a plan to detonate explosives borne aloft by balloons. Ten years later Illinois Senator C. B. Farwell and Secretary of Agriculture J. M. Rusk (Uncle Jerry, as Texans called him), persuaded Congress to appropriate $9,000 for a like experiment.

Dyrenforth, self-styled general, Washington, D.C. attorney, and one-time commissioner of the patent of-

(Continued on page 58)

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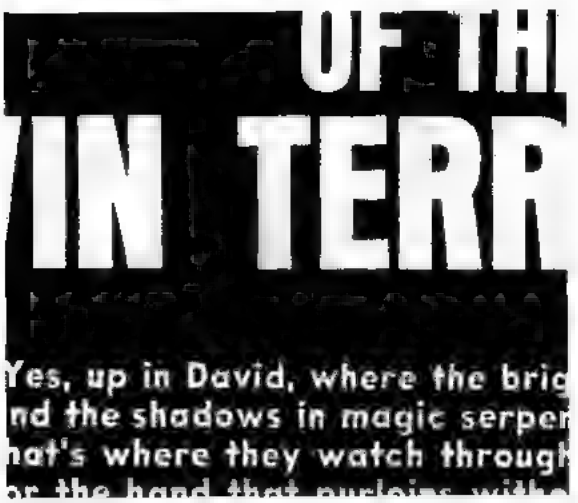

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THE beautiful pair of matched bays, pulling a shiny rubber-tired buggy with the top down, hit the end of the main street at a dead run. The driver, standing upright and leaning forward to urge another burst of speed from his high-spirited team, pushed them onward with wild Rebel yells and a heavy application of the whip. Stuck carelessly in the waistband of his trousers was a revolver, while another lay on the seat beside him, as did a Winchester rifle.

Occasionally laying aside the whip and grabbing one of the revolvers, the wild one would fire a shot toward anything that struck his fancy. The shooting, along with war-whoops emanating from the big man's throat, spurred the team to greater speed. Reaching the end of the street, he pulled the team around in a tight circle, almost overturning the buggy, and headed down the street for another roistering pass.

Oklahoma Territory was a raw, brawling frontier area, but hardly raw enough to relish having what was apparently a wild man shooting up the place. There was a lawman in town, but he was torn between two forces. The reason that he had secured, and retained, his job was that very same wild-driving man in the street. His salary was mostly paid by that same crazy-acting individual. The lawman, as well as the other citizens, knew that the man was stone sober, as he seldom partook of hard spirits.

It is difficult to arrest the biggest man in town, even when he is shooting out the windowlights and taking pot-shots at other leading citizens. The lawman thought of going after the preacher to ask assistance in calming down the wild man, until he realized that this *was* the preacher. His next thought was to get some member of the town board, but a sober second thought made him realize that this was the *president* of the town board.

"Why don't you get the most influential man in town to try to stop him?" asked a naive bystander.

The lawman spat in the dusty street as Colonel A. J. Blackwell made another noisy sashay with the wagon.

"Hell, mister," the lawman answered, "he *is* the biggest property owner in town. He owns half of this burg."

Eventually tiring of his fun, Blackwell headed his sweating team of bays toward his homestead a short distance out of town.

The lawman breathed a sigh of relief. Out of the sight of the crowd, he stopped, removed his hat and mopped the dust and sweat from his brow. Although it was a cool, early spring day, he was perspiring as if he had been stoking a furnace.

"What are you going to do about it, Bucko, my boy?" must have been his silent question. But deep down he knew exactly what he was going to do. He would do the same thing that he had in times past—absolutely nothing.

IT WAS impossible to be completely neutral when one was associated with A. J. Blackwell. Those who knew him either worshipped or hated him. He was the type of man who would gun a man

By E. H. BREWINGTON

Photos Courtesy Author

down on the main street of the town in the morning, then walk five miles through the snow that afternoon to carry food to the victim's wife and children.

Although he had been christened Andrew Jackson Blackwell, no one ever used his given names. He was just "A. J." or "Colonel" to friend and enemy alike, and he had a great number of each. He was a big man, standing well over six feet, and weighing about 240. His physical strength was legendary. He lived about a half-mile from the railroad and it was not unusual to see Blackwell walking from the railroad toward his home with a 150-pound trunk on his shoulder.

If there was ever a man on the western frontier who had a split personality, it was A. J. Blackwell. In any sort of business deal he was one of the most unscrupulous men it was his opponent's misfortune to meet. He gave no quarter, and in return asked none. The letter of the law meant little to Blackwell; the only law he really recognized was the law of power.

Blackwell would fight anybody, at any time, over anything, with any weapons his adversary wished to choose. He could and would fight with his fists, or he would settle the argument with guns if that was his antagonist's choice. He would fight over a fine desk in a plush office, or he would battle to the end through the courts. Many times he owned a newspaper to back up his arguments. But win, lose or draw, men who crossed Colonel A. J. Blackwell knew they had been through a battle.

From the time of his birth in 1843, probably in Mississippi, until his reported death in 1903, Blackwell was a man of mystery with a host of unpredictable moods. He seemed to have an uncanny knack for disappearing when the going got too rough, and unaccountably showing up half a continent away, where the fields were greener.

He was in Chicago in the early days when the Windy City was only windy. Blackwell was a promoter in that city for a time, until suddenly he appeared in Kansas City. He was there during that city's great boom and he watched with interest, or perhaps envy, as it became a thriving metropolis.

Somewhere along the way Blackwell supposedly found time to serve as a soldier in the Civil War, which is where he picked up his lifelong nickname of "Colonel." The next account of Blackwell places him in Ottawa, Kansas where he built the first house and helped to develop the townsite, but following his usual pattern, did not tarry long.

A short time later, according to newspapers, Mr. A. J. Blackwell "of our city" was constructing a "large, well-equipped, opera house" in Joplin, where he had "contributed much time, money and effort to help bring enlightenment and culture to the coming metropolis of Missouri." This was about the time the great lead-zinc strikes were being made in that area, and Joplin was fast developing into a boom town.

Several other newspaper items praised the good works of Mr. Blackwell, but one of the last to appear was written in an entirely different vein. It stated that Mr. Blackwell had just been arrested, tried, and convicted for having knowledge of the passing of counterfeit money, a charge resulting in his serving a sentence in Federal prison.

Blackwell must have been a model prisoner, as it was only a few months later that there is record of his being in Fort Smith, Arkansas and in Old Cherokee Town, which was just across the river from Fort Smith. Within a few weeks he was known by practically every one in western Arkansas and eastern Indian Territory.

IT WAS ABOUT 1886, when Blackwell was in his early forties, that he first entered the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. About all Blackwell possessed at that time was a hack, a pair of mortgaged ponies, a shock of brick-red hair and beard, and a burning drive to succeed. Although he was supposed to have had a wife at one time along the rocky, winding road of his past, this didn't seem to keep him from taking an eighteen-year-old Cherokee as his wife. Rosa Vaught was her maiden name. She had been married to a W. C. Kelley at one time for about five months, but although there was never a divorce, this apparently did not bother either Mr. or Mrs. Blackwell.

It was in 1888 that the "A. J. Blackwell & Co." was listed as a licensed trader at Chelsea, Cherokee Nation. A. J. and his wife lived on the outskirts of town. As a Cherokee citizen, Mrs. Blackwell had the right to use any amount of land that was required to earn a livelihood. Blackwell, due to his marriage, had practically all of the rights of a full-blood.

In May that year Blackwell indulged in a shooting with a Frisco section-man named John Middleton, which terminated the life of the latter, although he lived nine hours. The night before the tragedy, some of the section-men and Blackwell had had a set-to in which the merchant received a very black eye. Both Blackwell and Middleton were on the prod.

The next day, which happened to be a Friday, Middleton came up town, and meeting Mrs. Blackwell, either gave her to understand that he was looking for Blackwell, or that if Blackwell were looking for him, he could be easily found.

Here the accounts of the affray differ slightly. According to Blackwell, Middleton, upon meeting Mrs. Blackwell, said, "Get out of my way, good lady; I have come to kill Blackwell."

Whatever the statement was, the fact remains that the two men met on the street just in front of Blackwell's store, where the shooting, with pistols, took place. Middleton is reported to have gotten off the first shot without much success; Blackwell promptly lodged two balls in his adversary, who fell at L. A. Byrd's door. Blackwell immediately tele-

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H. & S. Railroad entering Blackwell, Oklahoma Territory, February 28, 1893.

graphed an officer at Vinita, to whom he later surrendered.

Newspaper accounts of June 28 reported that Deputy Isbell of Vinita, Indian Territory, was conducting some prisoners to Fort Smith for incarceration. The prisoners included A. J. Blackwell and W. G. Slaughters, each charged with murder.

The Vinita *Indian Chieftain* of October 25 (which was five months after the killing) concisely reported, "A . J. Blackwell's trial for murder is in progress this week. He has been for sometime afflicted with a dropsical swelling of one of his legs. Some years ago while in prison at Detroit, he had similar trouble."

The record is conspicuously silent as to the sentence, if any, received by Blackwell, but it must have been of short duration as he was in Chelsea again within the year.

It was only a short time later that individual allotments were given to the Cherokees, a necessary prelude to the opening in 1893 of the Cherokee Outlet, commonly known as the "Strip."

Previous to this opening the Blackwells had chosen their allotments at a location on the Chikaskia River, which eventually was to become the townsite of Blackwell. Colonel Blackwell still had the Midas touch when he chose this land. Both Rosa Blackwell, and sons King David and King Solomon, each received an allotment of land. At the time of the opening of the Strip, Blackwell was laid out as a city, with the Blackwells controlling a large portion of the townsite.

Blackwell had obtained the backing of a group of Winfield, Kansas promoters, and a company was formed to finance the Blackwell Townsite Development Company. Naturally A. J. Blackwell was president. The first name given to the townsite (at the Colonel's suggestion, of course) was "Blackwell's Rock." A few months after the town's founding the populace voted to drop "Rock" from the name, and it remains Blackwell to the present time.

Most of the streets followed the same pattern. There was Blackwell Avenue; King David and King Solomon Avenues, named for the developer's sons; Rosa Avenue for Mrs. Blackwell; and Hazel Avenue, in honor of the daughter. However, only a few years went by before Blackwell got cross-ways with the other town dignitaries and the City Council changed the names of all of the family named streets except Blackwell Avenue.

THE COLONEL, however, was not the only promoter who recognized the wealth to be made from forming new townsites. Just across the Chikaskia River, about a mile away from Blackwell, a wealthy Arkansan named Isaac Parker laid out a competing townsite, which was first named Parker and later Kay Center. The Colonel and Parker were running nip and tuck as to which community would eventually win out when Mr. Blackwell pulled one of his famous rabbit-and-hat tricks.

At that time, although railroads were the life-blood of Territorial towns, neither Blackwell nor Kay Center had one, though both were striving mightily to remedy the situation. Kay Center was the apparent winner, at least temporarily, when the Santa Fe, through a dummy corporation, was induced to build a road from Hunnewell, Kansas through Braman, and into Kay Center. The iron was already laid as far as Braman, only ten miles away, and the grading was nearly completed for the remainder of the distance.

This was where the old Blackwell magic took over. With the help of Ed Peckham, who lived just outside the city of Blackwell and who later became a promoter in his own right, the Colonel persuaded the Hutchinson & Southern, an independent company, to extend its line into Blackwell for a bonus of $40,000.

It was well nigh impossible to raise that large a sum within the allotted time; and the Congressional Act which allowed for the opening of the Cherokee Strip expressly forbade a township from voting bonds to be used, in any manner, to induce a railroad to enter the city.

This prohibition did not worry Blackwell or the town's citizens in the least. They merely called an election to vote on bonds to install a municipal waterworks—and for a great deal more than the $40,000 needed to influence the railroad. The election carried easily, and when the contract for installing the waterworks was let, the same company that was building the railroad, not surprisingly, was awarded the contract.

Although Blackwell had been trying for months to interest the Frisco in running a line into Blackwell, the line had evinced no interest; but as soon as the news was released that the H. & S. was building into Blackwell, the Frisco suddenly got the urge to do the same—for one-half the bonus given to the Hutchinson and Southern. Blackwell citizens promptly accepted this offer, also.

Then when the Santa Fe, through their dummy corporation, saw the shape of things to come, company lawyers from Guthrie made a hasty visit to Blackwell, begging for a bonus to build into the town. Blackwell, who had literally camped on their doorstep for more than a year, begging them to make some kind of offer, laughed in the lawyers' faces.

This was a situation to A. J. Blackwell's liking. When you get an adversary down, don't let him up. Kick him and keep him down. After several days of negotiation, the town of Blackwell and the Santa Fe reached an understanding. The town agreed to help the railroad obtain right-of-way, and agreed to give

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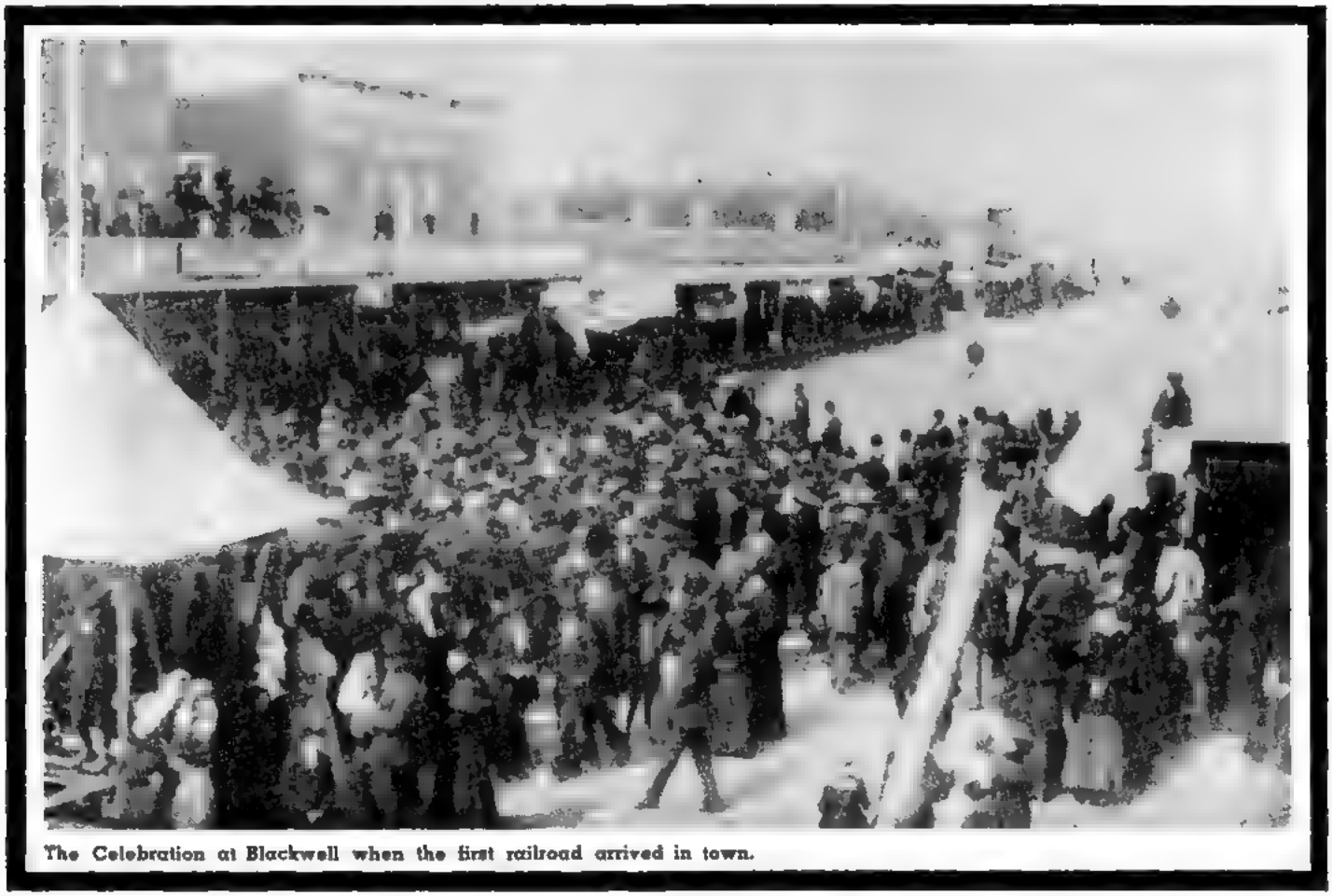
Photos both pages from originals by Prettyman Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society



The Celebration at Blackwell when the first railroad arrived in town.

enough land for a depot.

The railroad was re-routed so that Kay Center was completely by-passed. This bit of the old Blackwell double-shuffle sounded the death knell for Kay Center. She could not compete with another townsite only a mile away that had three railroads. Most of the citizens of Kay Center moved to Blackwell.

AS the trade center grew and prospered, A. J. was in the thick of everything. His fiery temper and iron will won him many friends—and many enemies. Apparently indifferent to what people thought of him, Blackwell continued his promotion. The first church in town was built and chiefly financed by Blackwell. He also built nearly fifty residences, as well as a score or more business houses. At the end of Bridge Street, across the Chikaskia River, Blackwell erected a bridge and paid the entire cost. He donated half the funds necessary to put up a bridge at the north end of Main Street. In addition, any appeal of whatever kind made to A. J. Blackwell in the name of charity, was always heeded.

Rosa Blackwell, who was several years younger than the Colonel, was intensely loyal to her husband. Something was certain to happen anytime a slurring remark was made about Blackwell in the presence of his wife. Her temper was almost as violent as the Colonel's, although she managed to better control it. On one occasion, when she was involved in a lawsuit, Rosa threw a heavy lawbook at an opposing lawyer who had made a statement reflecting on Blackwell's character. She threw the book with such force that the lawyer's nose was broken.

The friction between Blackwell and other leading citizens reached the point within a few years that Blackwell felt forced to leave. Or perhaps he was just looking for other worlds to conquer. Whatever the reason, it was with a deep feeling of relief that his fellow townsmen heard the report that Blackwell was returning to Chelsea.

It was about this time that Blackwell was again charged with murder. He came clear of this one, by pleading insanity. After his arrest, to prove he was insane, he would stand in his cell on one leg and yell to passersby, "Hey, look, I'm a goose." It probably was not too difficult to convince the populace that he was crazy, as a goodly number were *already* convinced. The judge who tried the case also took the view that Blackwell was indeed insane and, to prove the point, quoted a prophecy that he, personally, had heard Blackwell make.

"The Court has personally heard the defendant, A. J. Blackwell, make the prophecy that some day this city will be surrounded with great derricks, and that one of the largest petroleum fields in the world is underneath our feet. Anyone who would make such a foolish statement is bound to be insane."

(If that judge could only have revisited the city of Blackwell forty years later, he would have seen the truth of the prediction.)

Blackwell did not linger long in Chelsea. This time he moved into the deserted town of Rock Falls, which was located a few miles south of Hunnewell, Kansas. The place had been made famous as the base of operations for Captain David L. Payne's abortive attempts to open Oklahoma Territory to settlement. At one time the Boomers had established a good-sized town at Rock Falls. They even had a newspaper, the *War Chief*. The United States Army arrested the intruders, escorted part of them to Fort Smith, forced the remainder to flee to Kansas, then burned the town.

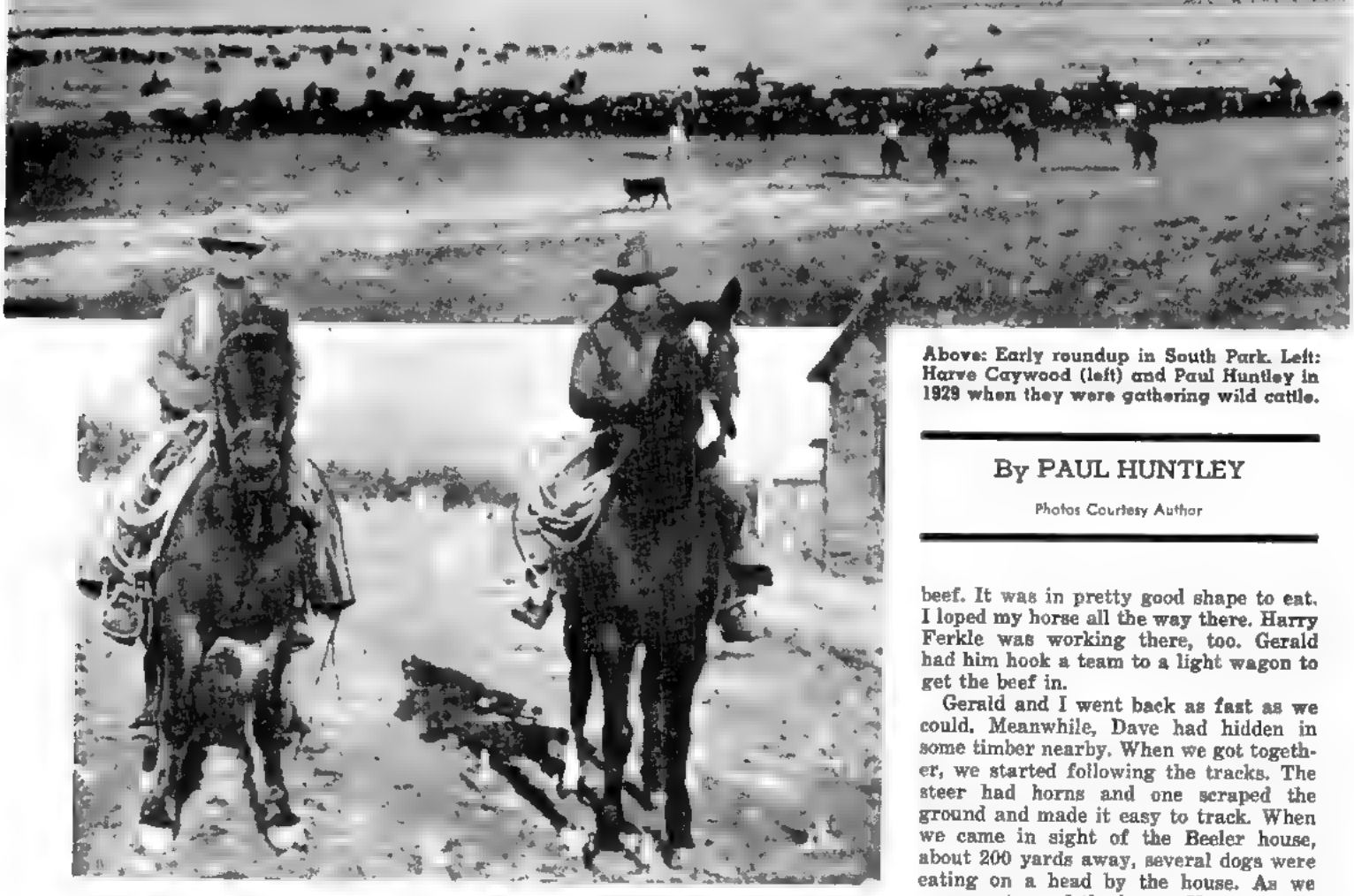
Blackwell did not seem to fare a great deal better at Rock Falls than did the followers of Payne. He started several buildings, laid the foundation for a church, and ballyhooed the sale of town lots with very little success. Within a short time Blackwell abandoned his attempt to breathe new life into Rock Falls.

IT WAS in the early 1890s that the most reputable newspaper in the Territory reported the death of A. J. Blackwell at Arkansas City. He had died of a heart attack and was to be buried at Chelsea. As happened in so many instances regarding Blackwell's life, this too proved false.

Late in 1894 Blackwell laid out a townsite which he called the City of David. It was in the Cherokee Nation, about three miles from Chelsea. Streets, alleys and blocks were surveyed, and rumors were widely circulated that the city was to have a high wall on all sides, wide enough to drive a carriage around on the top. Lots were offered for sale to anyone, Indian or white, who would agree to start construction of a building. Since Black-

(Continued on page 63)

A three-year-old steer isn't too significant on the hoof, but it can cause an awful lot of trouble—dead!



Above: Early roundup in South Park. Left: Harve Caywood (left) and Paul Huntley in 1929 when they were gathering wild cattle.

By PAUL HUNTLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

TRAGEDY IN FR

WHEN I was working for Dave Walker, it was in February 1913 after a snowstorm—the cattle would drift out of Poncha Park (Colorado) to the east end. There were a lot of pine trees there. The cattle would eat the pine needles and it would cause them to lose their calves or abort them if they ate too much.

This February day after it had quit snowing, Dave and I went out and pushed a large bunch of cattle back up into the park, as the snow would blow off the sides of the hills so the cattle could get to grass. We drove about 100 or more head for about three or four miles and dropped them. Then we went on up the draw toward Black Mountain.

We hadn't gone very far when we came onto a beef lying on its back, split down its belly and brisket. I put my hand on this beef and I said, "My God, Dave, it is still warm." The head was gone. We then looked at the brand; it was a VTV three-year-old steer—that was Dave's brand.

We started looking around. There was only a little snow and quite a lot of bare ground. There were horse tracks and man tracks around the steer. We backtracked then to where a man had come from about a hundred yards away. We could see there where he had knelt on one knee and shot the steer. He had been trying to drive the steer to his place about a mile away. The steer, being alone, did not want to go that way. We could see where he had turned the animal back and forth. When he heard us driving that bunch of cattle, he evidently tied his rope on the head and took off for home, dragging it. There must have been a bullet hole in the head.

We were about three or four miles north of the Stirrup Ranch. Dave told me to go there and get Gerald Rice, the foreman, and bring a wagon to get the beef. It was in pretty good shape to eat. I loped my horse all the way there. Harry Ferkle was working there, too. Gerald had him hook a team to a light wagon to get the beef in.

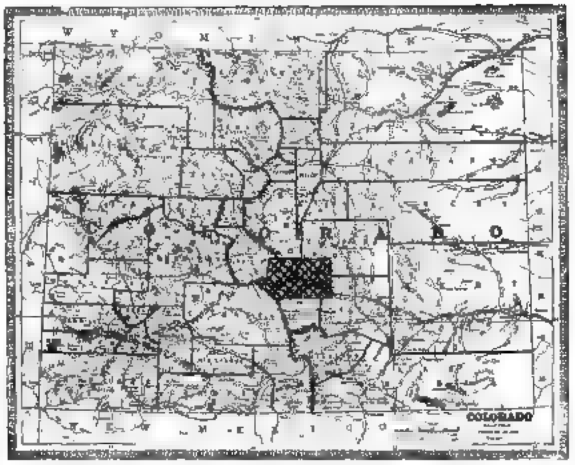
Gerald and I went back as fast as we could. Meanwhile, Dave had hidden in some timber nearby. When we got together, we started following the tracks. The steer had horns and one scraped the ground and made it easy to track. When we came in sight of the Beeler house, about 200 yards away, several dogs were eating on a head by the house. As we came on toward the house, Harry Beeler rushed out, grabbed the head, and took it inside.

The Beelers lived on the southeast side of Black Mountain. They had been suspected of stealing beef for years. They were always taking beef to Cripple Creek and selling it. They had a few cattle that they kept on their homestead which had a good fence around it.

Dave had had a lot of trouble with them before and they had warned him never to come on their land or they would shoot him, so he stayed out in the road. He told Gerald and me to go see if we could get in the house.

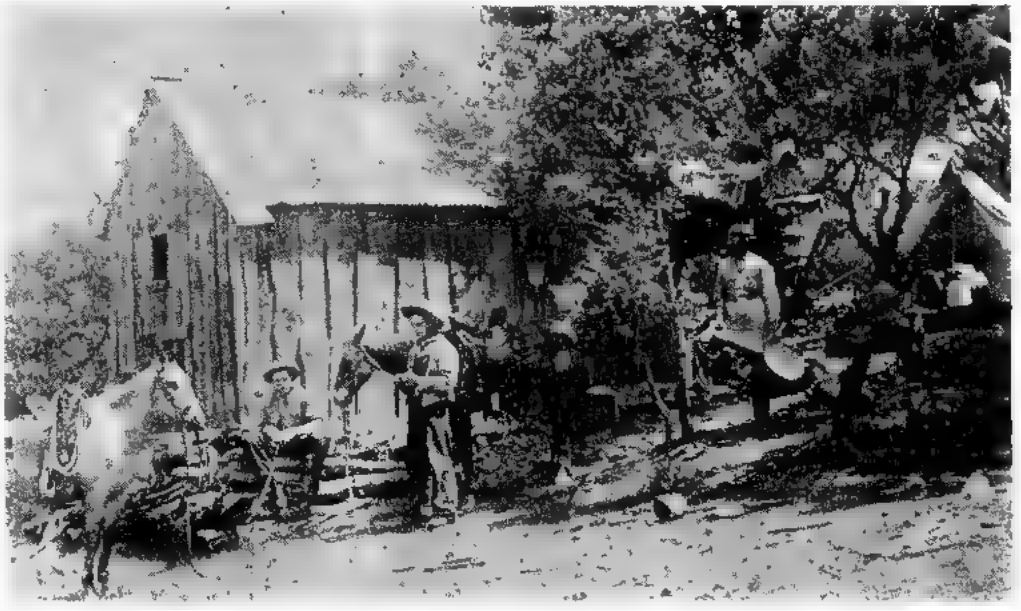
Gerald knew Mrs. Beeler but I didn't. We knocked on the door and Mrs. Beeler came out real quick and started talking to Gerald about how she hadn't seen him for so long, how thin he was, etc. Gerald finally asked her if we could come in. She said, "No, not without a search warrant."

Maps from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888



Fremont County (left) with shaded area showing its position in Colorado (above).

Right: Homestead shack in 1912. The Huntleys purchased it in 1918. People are unidentified.



MEANWHILE Harry Beeler, the son, had gone out to where Dave was. The first thing he said was, "My God, Dave, I didn't do it."

Dave said, "Who said you did?"

After some talk, Dave told me to go back and help Harry Ferkle load the beef. Dave and Gerald started to go to Guffey to get a search warrant. Guffey was about twelve or more miles away. They went a way, then decided it would do no good as it would take too long.

About this time, a lot of black smoke was coming out of Beeler's smoke stack. They evidently were burning up the head with a lot of pitch wood.

Dave went to Canon the next day and got a warrant for Beeler's arrest. A preliminary trial was held at Guffey before a justice of the peace. Frank Stienmeyer was the assistant district attorney. Every cattleman in the country was there. Harry Beeler was bound over to District Court for trial in April.

Near trial time, Mrs. Beeler came to Dave's place and told him Harry was sick back East and was not expected to live and she wanted Dave to sign a paper saying he didn't think Harry killed the steer; but, of course, Dave didn't do this.

The trial was supposed to be in the April term but Harry never showed up. The next November, a trial was held at Fairplay and Harry was convicted and got five years in the pen.

There he pretended to be crazy and was sent to Pueblo. I guess he did go insane, for some years later he was allowed to go home but his mother kept him in a cabin with a chain around his waist. The chain was fastened to the center of the floor. He would not wear any clothes. He was just like a bear in a cage. Finally he was taken to Fairplay and committed back to Pueblo. I don't think he ever got out again.

IN the spring of 1913, in May I think, or the first of June, I was out on the south side of Poncha Park getting the saddle horses in as we were going to Three-Mile to start on the roundup. Dave had been gone on a trip somewhere. He had told me that if he didn't get back by a certain time to get the saddle horses in and shoe them.

Well, this was a very foggy day—couldn't see but about 100 yards. I found the horses; they started running and I did, too, so I wouldn't lose them in the fog. There were lots of aspens on the ground. My horse stepped on a short aspen, it tipped up and a sharp point ran into his belly pretty deep. Well, I led him home, about two miles. I couldn't do much for him and he died a few days later.

When Dave came home, he was mad and said he had run horses through aspens all his life and never hurt any. He said he didn't need me around there any more.

The next day we were taking the horses down to Three-Mile roundup. About halfway, he told me to go back to the ranch and back to work but I had a girl in Canon City I hadn't seen since Christmas so I told him, "No, I won't go back."

A little later I went to work for Dudley Van Buskirk. He had a ranch on the head of Currant Creek and one at the mouth of Smith Gulch on Currant Creek. A little later, I went to work for Lon Gribble on Currant Creek where the hanging bridge was.

Later that year I and my girl, Laura Giem, wanted to get married. She was eighteen and I was twenty. Her dad didn't

EMONT COUNTY

approve. He told the county clerk not to give me a license, as I was not old enough to get one.

That didn't stop me, though. I went and saw Dave Walker and he had the judge appoint him as my guardian. Then I could get the license, and I did. We got married on Christmas Eve 1913. Dave and Lon Gribble took us to the west end of Twelve Mile Park—that was as far as a car could go. We walked on in to the Gribble Ranch, about five miles. This was because of a big snow that came the first of December 1913. There were no road crews those days to clear the road.

The author with two lions and his dog that treed them. February 1916.

AS a sequel to my story, in 1969 an article by Lucy Humbeutel came out in the Pueblo (Colorado) *Star-Journal*. It took me back to that cold February day in 1913.

"A strange story came to light in August 1928 in the Black Mountain district near Fairplay. Seventy-year-old Mrs. Joseph Beeler gave up her 12-year struggle to keep her demented son Harry chained in a small wooden building on the family ranch.

"When Park County Sheriff Fred Richards came to the ranch to take the man, it required all the strength of the sheriff and three deputies to get the man out of his homemade prison. He had to be handcuffed and leg-ironed and in the struggle one deputy was almost choked to death.

"The tragic chain of events that led to Harry Beeler's forcible removal began in 1898, when the Beeler family came to the area from Weir, Kansas, and set up a small cattle ranch operation.

"Times were hard then for the small cattlemen and more than one maverick was 'adopted' by a struggling outfit. But when the then thirty-year-old Harry Beeler began to make too many trips to various market towns with dressed beef, the neighbors became suspicious. The Beelers didn't have that many cattle.

"Harry was caught with incriminating evidence one day and was taken to Canon City and tried for cattle stealing. He received a sentence to be served in the State Penitentiary.

"Sometime later the family received a letter from the prison warden, who said that Harry's mind had broken and that he had been removed to the Colorado State Hospital at Pueblo.

"The Beelers lost no time in driving to Fairplay, where they boarded a train for the 'outside.' Mrs. Beeler later told authorities that her son recognized her at the hospital and began to cry and beg to be taken out of there.

"She made up her mind to somehow get him home where she could care for him herself, and after many pleading letters to the governor, Harry was released into his parents' custody.

"Their troubles started on the trip homeward. Harry had to be watched every second. By the time they got home they realized the only way to keep him from harming himself or others, was to keep him chained. According to Mrs. Beeler, 'Harry never recognized his father; he would shy away from him every time he came near. He knew me; he was never vicious to me. I fed him out of a pan like one would feed a kitten.'

"For twelve long years Mrs. Beeler and her daughter Beulah cared for the crazed man as they would for an animal. They never dared release him, nor could they bathe him. At night after Harry was sound asleep they would slip into the shed and cover him; early in the morning before he awoke they would remove the covering. Only when asleep would he tolerate any clothing or covering. There is no record of any type of heating being used in his quarters, probably because of the danger of fire.

"The years passed and Joseph Beeler died. The two women were hard pressed to make a living. They still retained some cattle and George Everett, a veteran rancher of the Salida area, often bought some of these. He would ride over one day, spend the night and return with the cattle the following day. He spent the nights at the Beeler Ranch in a cabin only fifty feet from where Harry was chained.

"'I will say,' Everett reminisces, 'that the prospects for a relaxed night's sleep were not so good, since I knew Harry to be a powerful man—at least when I had last seen him.' Everett piled all the furniture in the cabin against its one door.

"MOST of the neighbors knew that Harry was kept on the Beeler ranch, however none had seen him since his return from Pueblo and felt it was better to mind their own business. Mrs. Beeler and Beulah were proud independent women who neither wanted nor accepted help.

"To sustain themselves the two women had found a way to augment their small cattle business. Using an old office press, they placed fresh wild flowers between heavy textured paper and flattened them, retaining the natural colors. Beulah wrote the English and Latin names in her exquisite script and the pages were bound into an attractive volume. They mailed the books to prominent people with a letter explaining the work. Few books were returned, but money was sent instead.

"When in August of 1928 Beulah died, the neighbors and friends nearby felt it was time to call in outside help. Mrs. Beeler was then seventy and frail. She was no longer able to cope with her powerful, insane son.

"When they came, even the experienced lawmen were shocked at the sight of Harry Beeler. Stark naked and filthy, his black beard grew in a tangled mass to his waist. Wild-eyed and muttering he fought the four men with the strength

(Continued on page 43)

An ex-boomer crawls aboard the night train of memory for one more ride in the West . . .

WHEN STEAM WAS POWER

A "Big Hook" pulling up a freight locomotive after a derailment. Courtesy Mrs. George Lang

By C. O. PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

SOMETIMES at night I listen to the ore-train that passes through the little community where I live, and the hoot of the diesel's air-horn at a crossing is a sorry sound compared to the lusty wail of the great steam locomotives I knew almost fifty years ago. Nostalgia? Sure! Aren't memories, reminiscences, and nostalgia part of life for the has-beens?

I arrived in Roseville, California in early October 1924, drawn there by my brother's report of big pay in the railroad repair yards. That fall of '24 was less than a year and a half after a big railroad strike had brought riots, sabotage and great loss of perishable produce that couldn't be forwarded to Eastern markets.

Probably in those years I might have been classed as a "boomer." I was one of thousands of young single men who "saw the West" by moving from one job to another—always looking for better pay, though the work might be hard and rough, and living conditions seldom luxurious.

My brother, an ex-cavalryman of World War I, had gone to work for the Pacific Fruit Express in the repair-yards late in '22 when life for workers outside the railroad fence was still somewhat hazardous. When I reached Roseville, the railroad and refrigerator-car business was booming, and old hands who had not been involved in sabotage were back at work. The town of Roseville was about as rough and wide-open as could be found in the West.

The Pacific Fruit Express yards and shops were full up, so I applied for a job at Southern Pacific. A couple of days later I was notified to report to work as a carpenter's helper on the "rip-track" —59¢ an hour and time-and-a-half for all overtime. As it turned out later, there was plenty of overtime.

I was assigned to work with "Deacon" Jones, an old hand whose vocabulary was fifty-percent profanity. However, he was a good guy to work with and knew all the angles of the job. He was also a member of the wreck-train crew. We worked six days a week and on alternate Sundays. During those Sundays on the job we filled in wherever needed—at time-and-a-half pay. We repaired road damage on all kinds of freight car woodwork —boxcars, flatcars and tankcar-bolsters.

Al Teal was general manager. Bill Stocker was carpenter-foreman. Al Cotton was metalwork foreman and also foreman of the "Big Hook"—the wreck-train that stood ready on its spur-track, with steam up, twenty-four hours a day.

Cotton, a burly six-footer, was a good foreman, pleasant and full of fun but no-nonsense on the job. Al Teal, "The Boss," was strict but fair and reasonable and well liked by everyone. Bill Stocker was a Dutchman with a voice like a bull-horn. He was always on the move and saw everything that went on. He was never without an umbrella during the

(Continued on page 69)

Courtesy National Archives

Are white people slaves from the day they are born, and Apaches free as air?

By DONALD CLINE

THE MURDER

CADETE (Indian name—Zhee-as-nat-tsa) admired his father, Barranquito, who as a chief of the Mescalero Apaches stood up against the encroachment of the land hungry whites and corrupt Indian agents who plagued their reservation in the Sacramento Mountains of New Mexico.

Barranquito had no wish to be placed upon a reservation and confined there. No one had ever told him when to come or go and it did not set well with him, yet he had agreed to live on the reservation near Fort Stanton. Life there did not prove to be all that had been promised. Apaches were doled out blankets and food like slaves while unscrupulous agents sold Apache food allotments to businessmen in nearby Lincoln. When Barranquito died in 1857 Cadete moved to the forefront.

Cadete was a subtle and shrewd man, who had three wives and many children to support. He was an orator of great prestige, a politician of sorts, but he was not a fool. Though he agreed with his late father on many matters, Cadete realized that the unrelenting flood of white settlers into Indian country would be as endless as the flow of rivers to the sea. The days of the Apache as a free people were numbered and Cadete took it upon himself to save them with honor and rebuild what they had lost. The younger men urged war but he refused to listen, saying war would ultimately bring extinction to the Apache as a nation.

Cadete was tall, strongly built and muscular. His features could be considered almost handsome by our standards and he never let his emotions cloud his judgments. He held a position of respect among both Indians and whites.

General James Carleton of the Santa Fe garrison decided it was time to put an end to the Indian problem. The Indians were constantly absent from reservation lands, coming and going as they pleased. Carleton felt he could settle the problem once and for all.

A soldier who believed in plenty of spit and polish and no nonsense, he was a product of the school of E. V. Sumner, whose disciples believed in brute force. All Indians should be forced onto heavily guarded reservations with plenty to keep them busy, and hampered by so many restrictions that they could not cough without Carleton hearing about it. It sounded fine in theory. The only drawback was that it wouldn't work with Indians.

Carleton dispatched Kit Carson to take charge of Fort Stanton in Lincoln County. Carson's orders were simple and explicit—to inform Cadete that Carson was to detain all women and children found at the fort and to kill on sight all Mescalero males found if they did not comply immediately with General Carleton's demands. Carson was forbidden to make any direct deals with the Apaches. If they wished to discuss a treaty under Carleton's conditions the general would talk to Cadete and several of his principal subchiefs at military headquarters in Santa Fe. Refusal of this ultimatum would mean a licensed hunting season on all Apaches.

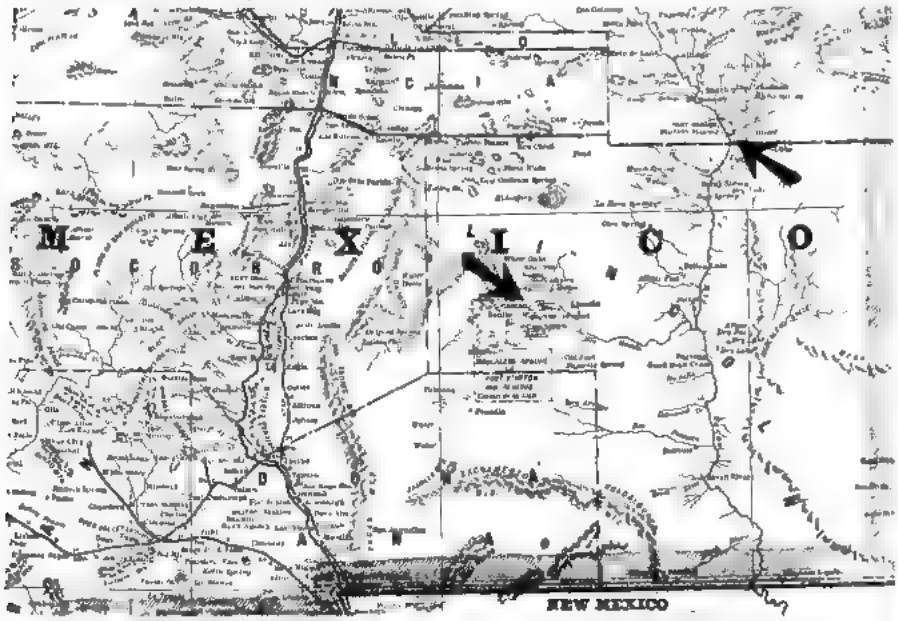
CADETE was shocked, but his good friend, Kit Carson, informed him he could do nothing to help. Cadete and four of his sub-chiefs proceeded to Fort Marcy to confer with Carleton, and Cadete quickly found out that the general was not in a bargaining mood. Carleton waved aside their protests and told them bluntly that "his hands were tied." He gave the Apaches no choice.

Cadete replied, "You are stronger than we. We have fought you as long as we had rifles and powder but your weapons are better than ours. Give us arms and turn us loose and we will fight you again, but we are worn out. We have no more heart, we have no provisions, no means to live. Your troops are everywhere. Our springs and waterholes are either occupied or overlooked by your men. You have driven us from our last and best stronghold and we have no more heart. Do with us as you may, but do not forget we are men and braves."

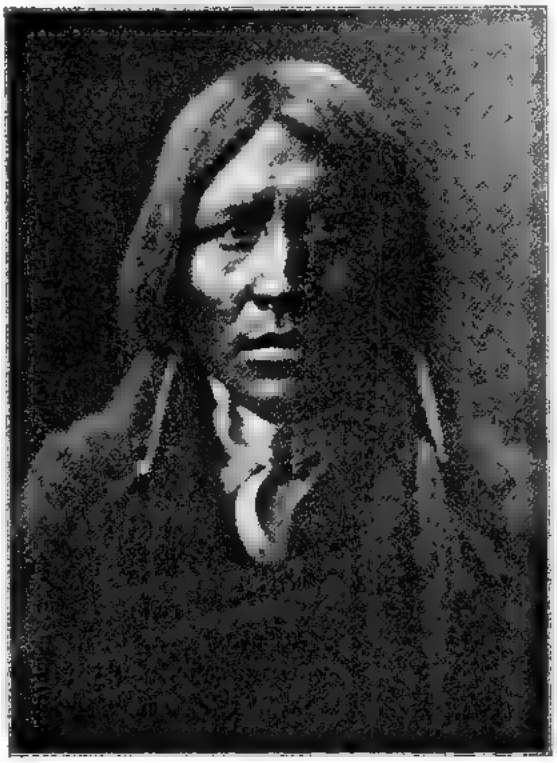
Carleton told them they would be sent to the Bosque Redondo Reservation near Fort Sumner where they would send their children to a white school, dress in white man's clothing, and would not be permitted to leave the reservation confines without a written pass from the agent. But he led them to believe that the reservation would be theirs alone, so Cadete agreed.

The Mescaleros were moved from the vicinity of Fort Stanton to the dry plains of Fort Sumner. The water of the Pecos River contained so much alkali that it sickened anyone who drank from it. While they were floundering helplessly about in

Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1868



Courtesy Scribner's Magazine Vol XXXIX Jan/June 1906



Above: Southern half of New Mexico, with arrows indicating Fort Stanton and Fort Sumner.

Left, opposite page: Fort Sumner (circa 1880) near the Bosque Redondo Reservation where General Carleton sent Cadete and the Mescalero Apaches.

Right: An Apache, name unknown.

OF CADETE

a world they did not want to accept, well over 8,000 Navajos were forced onto the Bosque Redondo.

This was part of Carleton's master plan—to integrate as many Indians on the same lands as possible without regard to the fact that they might be the bitterest of enemies (which in this case they were). The Mescaleros protested vehemently that they were greatly outnumbered by the Navajos but Carleton presented a deaf ear.

The agent in charge, Captain John C. Cremony, realized the dangers involved and appealed to headquarters in behalf of the Indians and was rebuffed.

THE NAVAJO and the Apache had been at loggerheads long before the arrival of Coronado in 1540, and the sudden forced mingling of both upon the same land would not change what centuries had failed to do. Carleton said that the Apaches and Navajos were related since they spoke the same Athapascan-type language (the Apaches deny any relationship) and therefore they belonged together. He felt that they would, in time, accept each other and intermarry.

Cadete calmed his people and told them to continue with their planting and try to ignore the Navajos. The Mescaleros built a slaughterhouse, dammed a river, planted more crops, set up a system of irrigation, and followed the numerous restrictions to the letter. (The Comancheros and whiskey peddlers who traded on the reservation became so fed up with Carleton's restrictions that they left.)

Even when drought, blight, flood, hail, sickness, worms, bugs, and borers hit the Mescaleros, Cadete continued to hold his people together. It was a formidable task. What little fruits of labor their crops bore were quickly stolen by the wily Navajos. They were issued no winter clothing to survive the severe New Mexico winters and many froze to death. Captain Cremony reported these injustices to Fort Marcy but was ignored. General Carleton's project would succeed even if it killed every Indian in the process.

Such conditions forced tribes to ride off the reservation from time to time in search of food, despite Cadete's pleadings to hold on in order to beat the white man at his own game. Then some of the Mescaleros killed a small party of salt hunters on the plains west of the Bosque Redondo.

On April 30, 1863 General Carleton sent a heated message to Captain Cremony and said if other Mescaleros left the reservation they were to be shot on sight. To further emphasize his point he sent a second letter on May 1. "No Mescaleros will have a right, even with a pass to come back to Fort Stanton . . . to make mescal. You will kill every Mescalero male that can be found without a passport."

In August Carleton ordered Captain Archer at Los Pinos to "shoot on sight every Navajo and Apache large enough to bear arms that could be found."

CADETE and his Apaches longed for the taste of antelope and petitioned Captain Cremony to allow them to go on a hunt for game. Cremony could not refuse them under the conditions and he accompanied Cadete and ninety-five warriors on a hunt west of Bosque Redondo. They took along fifteen squaws to cut and dress the meat. They killed eighty-seven antelope and were back in less than two days.

When word of this reached General Carleton's headquarters it infuriated him. He ordered the immediate removal and transfer of Captain Cremony as the agent was "definitely in sympathy with the Indians." The Mescalero Apaches had lost their best friend. He was replaced by agent Lorenzo Labadie, Father Joseph Fialon, and an auxiliary chaplain from the army post. These men, as Cremony was before them, were repelled at the conditions they found.

Three months later Labadie allowed the Mescaleros to go on another antelope hunt and accompanied them, along with Father Fialon and the auxiliary chaplain. When they came across a party of Navajos on an unauthorized hunting expedition, tempers flared. Cadete and his men engaged the Navajos in battle, killing twelve Navajos and taking one prisoner who was later released. Shortly thereafter the Mescaleros attacked a band of 200 Navajos and killed fifty-two of them.

Now thoroughly dissatisfied with Carleton's treatment, the Indians formed into small bands and began drifting away from the reservation. Cadete stayed on until the fall of 1865 when, following another crop failure, Carleton cut the already meager food rations. On the night of November 3 Cadete and all but nine of

Courtesy Tularosa, "Last of the Frontier West" by C. L. Sonnichsen

A view of Dog Canyon where Cadete started a small *rancheria* on Joplin's Ridge. Inset shows a family encampment at the Mescalero Agency.

the Mescaleros left Bosque Redondo; the nine finally followed four days later. Carleton's project had failed.

For the next five years Cadete roamed the pine-studded mountains, slept beneath the desert skies, but things had vastly changed during his stay at Fort Sumner. Game was scarce everywhere. These were hard years—constantly being trailed by the army and by scalp hunters. The Indians' camping grounds of yesterday were sprouting with green fields and cabins.

Through the urgings of Agent Michael Steck, Cadete finally brought his small band in. They were fed and clothed, and during this period they did not rob or kill. Cadete succeeded in getting his people to cultivate seventy acres of land in nearby La Luz Canyon and he started a small *rancheria* at Joplin's Ridge on top of Dog Canyon.

The five years of wandering had made Cadete a changed man. When he had first entered Bosque Redondo he told Captain Cremony, "You desire our children to learn from books, and say that because you have done so you are able to build all those big houses and sail over the sea and talk with each other at great distances and do many wonderful things. Now let me tell you what I think. You begin when you are little to work hard, and work until you are grown men in order to begin fresh work. You say you work hard in order to learn to work well. After you get to be men you say the labor of life commences. Then too, you build big houses, big ships, big towns, and everything else in proportion. Then after you have got all these things you die and leave them behind. Now we call that slavery. You are slaves from the time you begin to talk until you die, but we are free as air. We never work. The Mexicans and others work for us. Our wants are few and easily supplied. The river, the wood, and the plain yield all that we require. . . ."

Now the Indian lands were gone, replaced by homesteaders and cattle ranges. Cadete promptly signed a peace treaty and became the first to enroll his children in the white school for Mescaleros. He urged his followers to do the same.

THEY got along well in the lush Sacramento Mountains in Lincoln County where timber and water were plentiful. But other eyes were looking at their country also.

Land given to the Apaches in this particular stretch of mountain range had been filed upon by twenty-six settlers after four others had already purchased lands there. The Apaches had paid the four settlers the cost of their holdings and were waiting for Washington to decide the issue of the other twenty-six. Surprisingly, the courts gave the land to the Apaches. Cadete had won his first victory in a white man's court.

Cadete thought this would be the end of it but it was only beginning. The lush grassy meadows were just too tempting for grazing land, and rumors of gold strikes added to the growing anxiety of the Indians. Local settlers went to the extreme of committing depredations, even murder, and blaming it on the Mescaleros in hopes that the federal government would remove the Indians and open the area again to settlement.

Agent Curtis was accused of being controlled by the Murphy & Fritz store on the reservation. All beef and corn contracts had gone to them, and reportedly the Indian agent was in their hands. He was dismissed and Murphy & Fritz were chased off the reservation, though their building sold for $8,000, many times its worth. The new sutler began selling whiskey openly to the Indians in direct defiance of federal laws and soon the Apaches were fighting and brawling among themselves. The drinking caused a rift among Cadete's people and some of them split from the tribe, forming the Agua Nueva Apaches and moving down along the river to farm. Others left the reservation confines altogether. Finally only twenty Apaches remained on the reservation. Cadete was among them.

The Indians agreed to hire a trusted friend, J. A. Lucero, to go out and find the scattered band and persuade them to come back in. He was to be paid $1.50 for every man and $1.00 for every woman he brought back. He returned with 147 Apaches.

BUT the Indian's nemesis, liquor, always came back to plague them. This time the source of trouble came from nearby La Luz. Cadete, feeling that resolving the whiskey problem would remove the biggest obstacle in their path to peace, agreed to appear in district court in Mesilla as a witness against the

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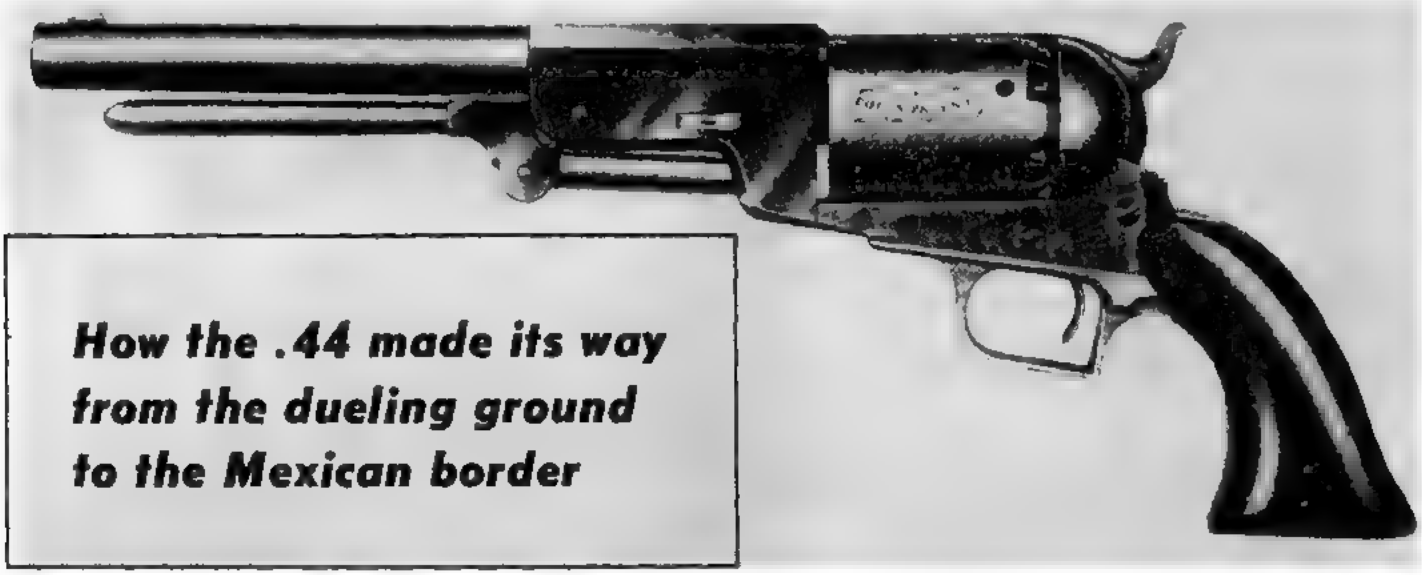
Sam Colt's BIG PISTOL

Sam Colt (above), inventor of the first practical revolver, whose Walker model .44 (below) proved itself and him in 1847.

By GUY L. AURAND

Photos Courtesy Author

Photos this page Courtesy Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co., Inc.



How the .44 made its way from the dueling ground to the Mexican border

THE war with Mexico in 1846-48 not only ended Mexico's domination of Texas and the Southwest, but brought back from obscurity the man who perfected the revolver—Sam Colt.

In 1836, at the age of twenty-two, the young inventor was granted the patents for his repeating pistol. Colt did not invent the revolver. Repeating firearms using a cylinder magazine had been produced for years, but they were complicated mechanisms, prone to get out of order and thus unsuited to the rigors of everyday use. Furthermore, on most of them the cylinder had to be revolved by hand, making their operation a two-handed job. In the Colt design, cocking the trigger revolved the cylinder so that a man could use a gun in either hand.

It is almost incredible that such a wonderful arm should not have had immediate success, yet six years later Colt's company was bankrupt and he was back where he started, with nothing but his patents.

In March of 1836, Colt had formed the Patent Arms Manufacturing Company of Paterson, New Jersey to manufacture revolvers and rifles, both using the revolving-cylinder action and known as Paterson models. From the first it had been a struggle for survival. To provide capital for his new company Sam had to give key posts in the organization to relatives and others who had little confidence in the future of his five-shot cylinder revolver, while he spent most of his time trying to promote sales. Endless bickering resulted.

Sam had assumed that the U. S. Army would be immediately enthusiastic about the new gun's firepower, but the expected acclaim from the military did not materialize. The older officers who made up the ordnance boards were unimpressed. They were stubbornly opposed to any change from the old single-shot pistol as a service arm. The younger officers, unbiased and alert to the advantages of his revolver as a fighting arm, were enthusiastic but powerless to advance his cause.

In 1838 Colt managed to sell a quantity of his revolving rifles for use by the troops then fighting the Seminoles in Florida. A number of officers purchased his revolvers for their personal use. Those guns saw hard, rough campaigning and gave good

(Continued on page 48)

Cyclones and NEIGHBORS

Sometimes it's hard to believe that the good Lord makes them both!

By
LELA BRISTOW TADLOCK
Photos Courtesy Author

MY FATHER was eighteen years old in 1884, living in a large double-log house in the Ozark Hills of Arkansas. The family consisted of his father, John Wesley Bristow, his stepmother, two brothers Wayne and Wess, two sisters Mattie and Ella, and a small half-sister Cora. A brother Bud, and a sister Lizzie were married and in homes of their own. The stepmother was expecting another baby. Most families were very large.

It was October 18—a very hot, humid day. The chickens in the yard spread their wings and sat with open beaks in the shade of flower bushes along the picket fence that enclosed the yard. The cows which were on the outside range came up early and mooed around the barn lot gate. They were uneasy. Even the hogs, also on the outside range, came up earlier than usual. They grunted expectantly around their feed trough, but the grunts seemed different.

Most evenings were all the same. The cows were milked and the hogs fed. The young chickens were fed and shut up in their coops, and the old ones put in the henhouse after the eggs had been gathered. Supper was eaten and the dishes washed. Then the family sat down in cane bottom chairs on the wide front porch and talked about the events of the day.

That evening not a breath of air was stirring and an unusual stillness seemed to pervade the countryside. The sun had been obscured by a greenish cloud for an hour before time for it to set. When darkness came, it was not black but dark gray with a greenish tint.

"I've never seen such weather," the stepmother said in her childish voice. She was younger than some of her stepchildren. Her two-year-old daughter leaned against her.

"This is probably the last hot spell before winter begins," her husband said in a matter-of-fact voice, then added, "I believe it is going to rain."

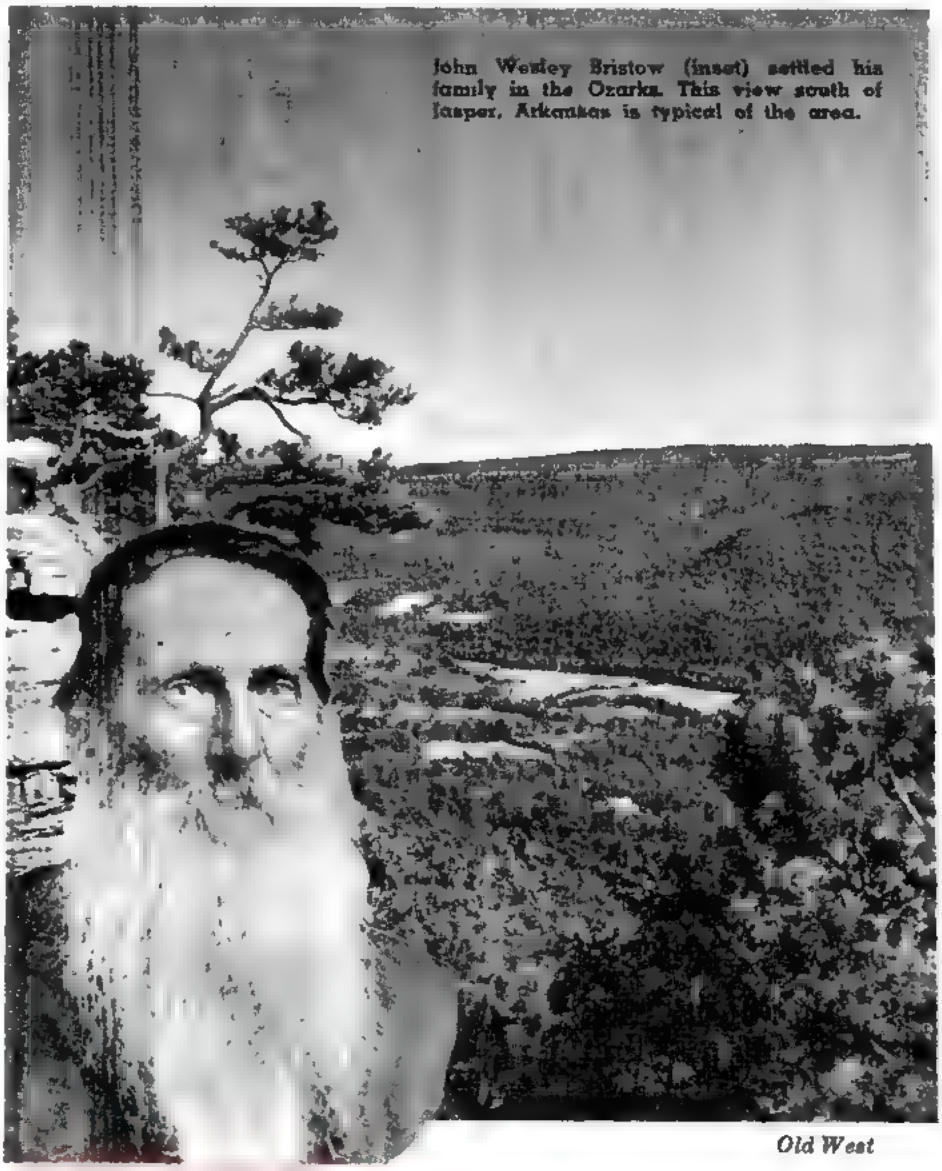
The family had been sitting in the dark as they usually did when no light was needed, but soon the father went into the house and lit the coal oil lamp, and they all began getting ready for bed.

The stepmother decided to sleep on the floor between the two doors of the log room to get the benefit of any breath of wind that might be stirring. She spread some quilts on the floor to make a pallet for her and little Cora. There were three large beds in the log room. The girls, Mattie and Ella, slept in one of them and the father in another.

The three boys slept in the "other house" which was a smaller two-room building about twenty feet away—it had been the family home before the family outgrew it and the larger, newer log house had been built.

The family went to bed early on that hot night. They had been picking cotton since sunup

Courtesy Arkansas Publicity and Parks Commission



John Wesley Bristow (inset) settled his family in the Ozarks. This view south of Jasper, Arkansas is typical of the area.

Above: Ethel McKnight, Christmas 1963. She was the baby born in a tent a few months after the cyclone. Left: Thursa Bristow (right), the mother; and Cora McKnight, the little girl, who were injured. This photo was taken many years later.

and were tired. All went to sleep immediately.

MY FATHER said that he was awakened by a tremendous roaring sound and by a rude swaying of the house. His brother Wess was sleeping in the bed with him. Wayne was in one of the other beds. My father jumped up, expecting to land on the floor but instead his feet touched bare earth. The floor was gone, except for the boards on which the beds were standing.

Wayne yelled, "We are getting blown away! Let's go to the other house!" Wess raised up in bed just in time to be hit on the head by some of the daubing from between the logs of the wall. He dived back under the covers and pulled a pillow over his head.

My father and Wayne struggled into their clothes and left the swaying building, but when they looked toward the other house in a flash of lightning it was gone!

From the inky darkness, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, they heard Wess yell plaintively, "I can't find my britches!" The next flash showed him coming toward them with a sheet from the bed draped around his body. At that moment the roof and walls of the old home they had left just seemed to fly away. The three boys turned again toward the pile of logs that had been the big house, and the stones which such a short time earlier had been a fireplace and chimney. They saw their father bending over a pile of rubble.

Screams which they recognized as being those of their two sisters were coming from somewhere in the darkness. It was only a few feet from where the boys were to where their father was frantically lifting pieces of wood and rock from what they soon learned were their stepmother and their little half-sister. But it seemed a long time before they reached their father—it was so dark they couldn't see at all between flashes of lightning. Suddenly it began to rain—the coldest, hardest rain they had ever experienced.

The roaring sound was diminishing and a smothered groan was heard beneath the rocks that had been the chimney. Somehow my grandfather and his three sons got the young expectant mother and her little girl out, but they were unconscious and covered with blood.

The boys found a section of the roof from the house leaning against a high stump of a tree that had been blown off at its first branches. They carried the two unconscious forms and placed them under it. It afforded a little shelter from the cold, driving rain, and this happened to be a part of the yard where the ground was covered with thick grass.

Mattie and Ella somehow found their way to the others. They stood around shivering in their nightgowns, soaked to the skin and half dazed.

When daylight came, it revealed a very sad scene, indeed. The big house was a pile of rubble. The older building, in which the boys had been sleeping, was all gone except a few floor boards and one wall. The beds looked almost like the boys had just crawled out of them except that they were very wet.

The sun came up brilliantly but the wind had changed around to the north and was blowing strong and cold. Soon the pillows, featherbeds, and other bedding which had not blown away were spread out in the sun to dry. Wess' britches were found among the covers of his bed, and he put them on even though they were soaking wet.

A straw bed which had been kept dry by the feather bed on top of it was taken from one of the bedsteads and carried to the improvised shelter. The injured ones were carefully placed on it. The stepmother asked for a drink of water so the others started looking around for something in which to carry water from the spring. My father finally found a tin bucket with its side caved in. He straightened it as best he could and started to the spring for water.

The path to the spring had been very plain, but that night the path was so covered with debris and fallen trees that it took my father almost an hour to get to the spring and back, a trip usually made in fifteen or twenty minutes.

WHEN he returned to the house, a wagon with a team of mules hitched to it was standing nearby. Two men were helping Grandfather Bristow and his two boys lift the straw bed on which the injured stepmother and her little girl lay, into the wagon. Someone found a tin cup and the injured woman was given the drink of water she had asked for an hour earlier.

This neighbor man and his son, whose home was two miles away, had not suffered any damage from the cyclone, but had felt sure that my grandfather's home had been in the direct path of the storm, judging from the location of the cloud. They had left at daylight to drive over, but had found so many trees and other obstacles in the road that many detours had to be made. The trip which usually

(Continued on page 40)

OLD WIMBERLE

WIMBERLEY MILLS is representative of stone-milling operations common to Texas; the village, named for Pleasant Wimberley, is untypical, however, in that it neither grew nor died. It remains a village established by an old millsite.

Pleasant sold his longhorn cattle and ranching interest in the northern end of Blanco and Llano Counties (now known as LBJ country) in 1873. The following year he bought with gold a mill tract on Cypress Fork of the Rio Blanco. At that time the waters of Cypress Creek turned the turbine to power all mill operations. The building housed a gristmill, a flour mill with twenty-eight-inch buhrstones, a sawmill, a shingle mill; and on the second floor, a smut mill for cleaning wheat, and a one-stand cotton gin. Partnered with his son Zack (my grandfather), a thriving business was conducted at that location.

Then about 1890, a four-mule hitch pulled into Wimberley with the first load of Harry Landa's *roller-milled* flour, priced at seventy-five cents per hundredweight in the general store. The white bleached flour immediately caught the housewife's eye, and the race was on to see who could have the whitest biscuits, and the whitest cream gravy when it came her turn to feed the preacher chicken dinner on Sunday. Tinged by minute particles of stonecut bran that no bolt could remove, the stone-milled flour never stood a chance.

The demise of the stone flour mill had its "time marker" for the Wimberley family. In 1893 Grandma Wimberley made her daughter, Nellie, a dress from the silk screening cloth cut from the mill's flour bolt. My aunt was thirteen and the dress was dyed pink. But cornmeal was still in style, so the grist mill was unaffected.

Like most streams, Cypress Creek began losing volume with the passing of the frontier. To cope with this situation many changes occurred around the mill. Uncle Hick, who had done his turn as millwright and miller, now began his engineering career. First a millpond was added to the millrace; then in 1890 a smaller turbine was installed, but by 1899 it was necessary to harness steam for supplementary power.

Using the live steam from the boiler and drip lye from wood ashes, Uncle Hick gained local recognition for his ability in making barrels of good corn hominy. He also added another mill to the site by moving the sorghum molasses operation to a place where the cane crusher could be water powered. "Water-squeezed cane molasses," as such, made no great splash—except with the old horse that had pulled the cane crusher.

IN 1912 Uncle Hick installed an old "one-lung" gasoline engine to turn the gristmill—a chore the lean flow of the Cypress could no longer perform. A small hydraulic ram, used to pump water to the house, made final use of the water power

Y MILLS

No man can be considered plumb down and out as long as he has a cornbread patch...

By C. W. WIMBERLEY

taken from
Stone Milling and Whole Grain Cooking
Copyright 1965
AQUARENA, INC.
San Marcos, Texas

Illustrations from the book, artist R. D. Monson

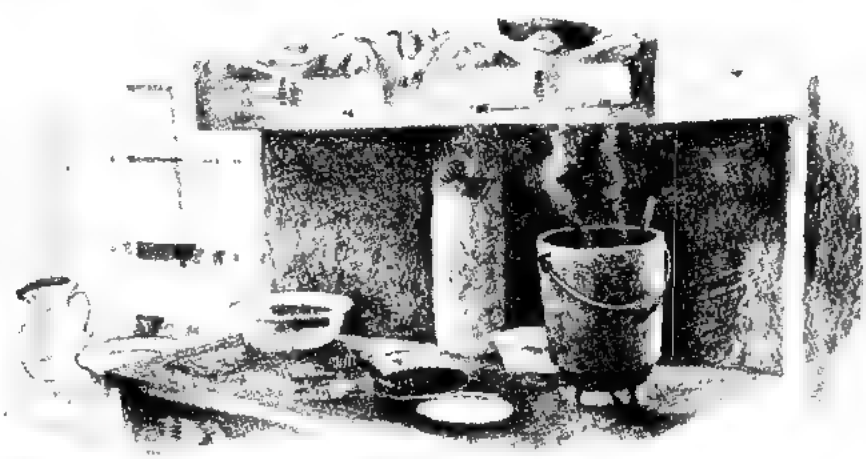
Photos Courtesy Author

Left: The Wimberley Mills. Above: William Branch and Mary V. Adare, great-grandparents of the author.

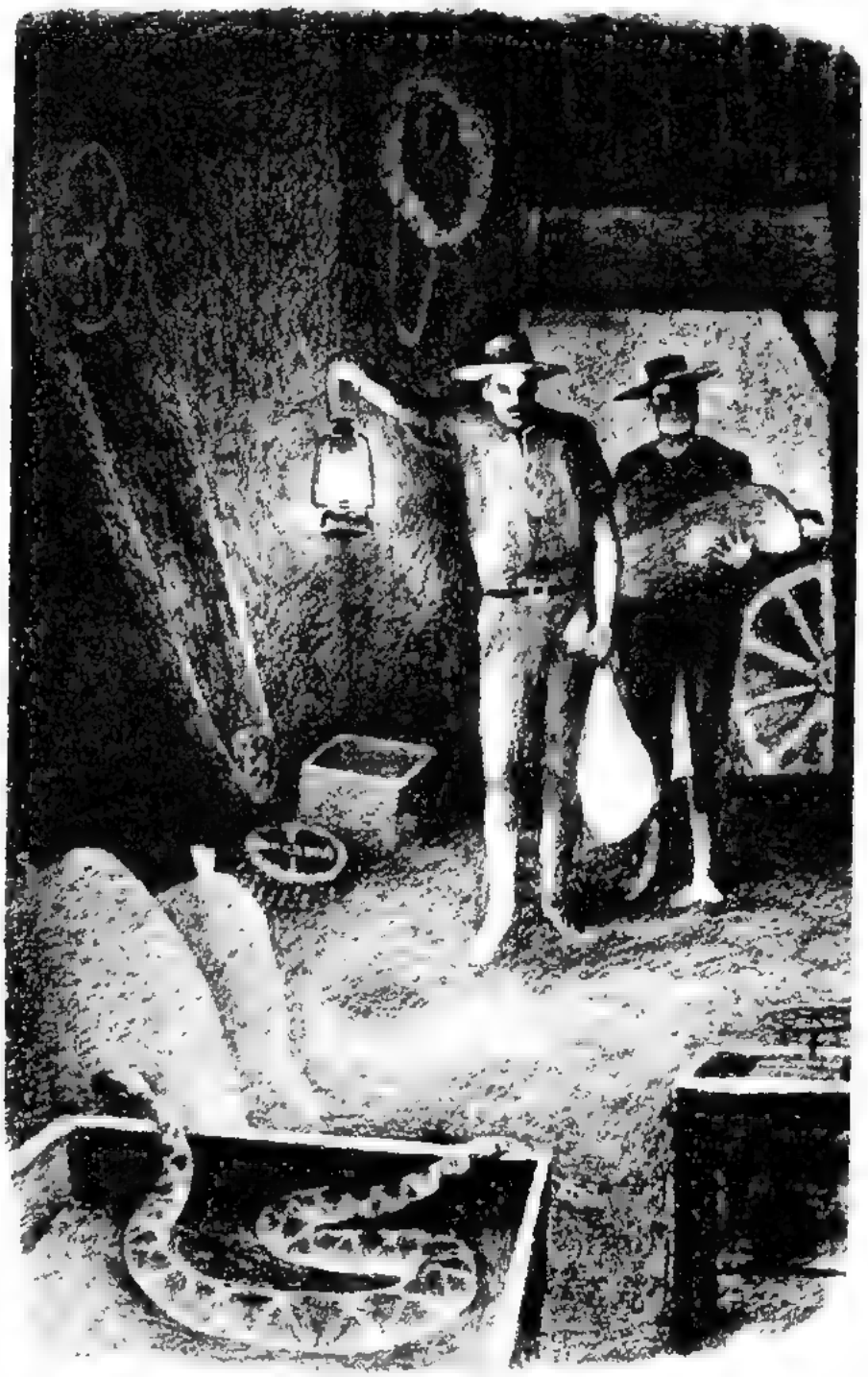
derived from the millrace.

After the engine had been installed, some of the customers complained that their meal was "different" and didn't taste right. These complaints could have had a logical origin only if the miller had set his gasoline fuel too close to the meal bin, or for some similar reason.

An engine-powered mill could grind with a more uniform texture because a steel-ball governor control (belatedly applied to water wheels) and the inertia of heavy flywheels increased or decreased the power output while the engine turned at a constant speed. Without these controls the miller was constantly fiddling with the treadle control—sometimes resorting to opening the stones in order to keep a uniform power demand at the mill. With power output determined by the water level in its buckets (and/or flume), the water wheel would surge while changing water levels to meet new power demands and sometimes would gallop from balk to balk, sending the gristmill spin-



Prepared in a black iron pot on a woodburning stove, stone-ground cornmeal mush is a fond memory of the author.



On night trips to the mill one proceeded with care.

ning from stop to stop.

Another unfounded claim was that the engine turned the mill fast enough to burn the meal. The old stone mills were not designed for such speed. Turning that fast the buhrstone would be in real danger of flying apart, or the mill shaft might jump from the link (open pivot bearing) and spin to new disaster. Dull stones could heat the meal, and new corn not fully cured would generate heat by clogging the mill. Wheat could be fed into the mill too fast or, heated enough by dull stones to taste scorched, would subsequently ferment in storage.

So everyone had his ideas about milling and Grandpa had to listen because he had to stay around to do the milling.

FOLLOWING World War I the Wimberley Mill prospered for a while, then a changing economy brought it to the end of its time. The custom mill depended upon the local trade of people who derived their livelihood from more or less self-contained farming units. With the increase of farming for the cash market there was a steady decline in farm population and fewer customers for the mill. The Wimberley Mills were razed in 1934, an idle relic of another era. The only surviving memento is the French buhrstone gristmill which Rufus Wimberley had learned to operate at an age when he had to sack the meal while standing on a box for height. He kept it.

So the old mill is gone—but there are facts still to be related and tales to be told.

In its day the mill room served as a local town hall where all the men gathered on Saturday. Young men in a hurry came to learn the news or to give their opinions before moving on, but the old ones came to sit and whittle and enjoy a companionship that would be warm without burning too many words.

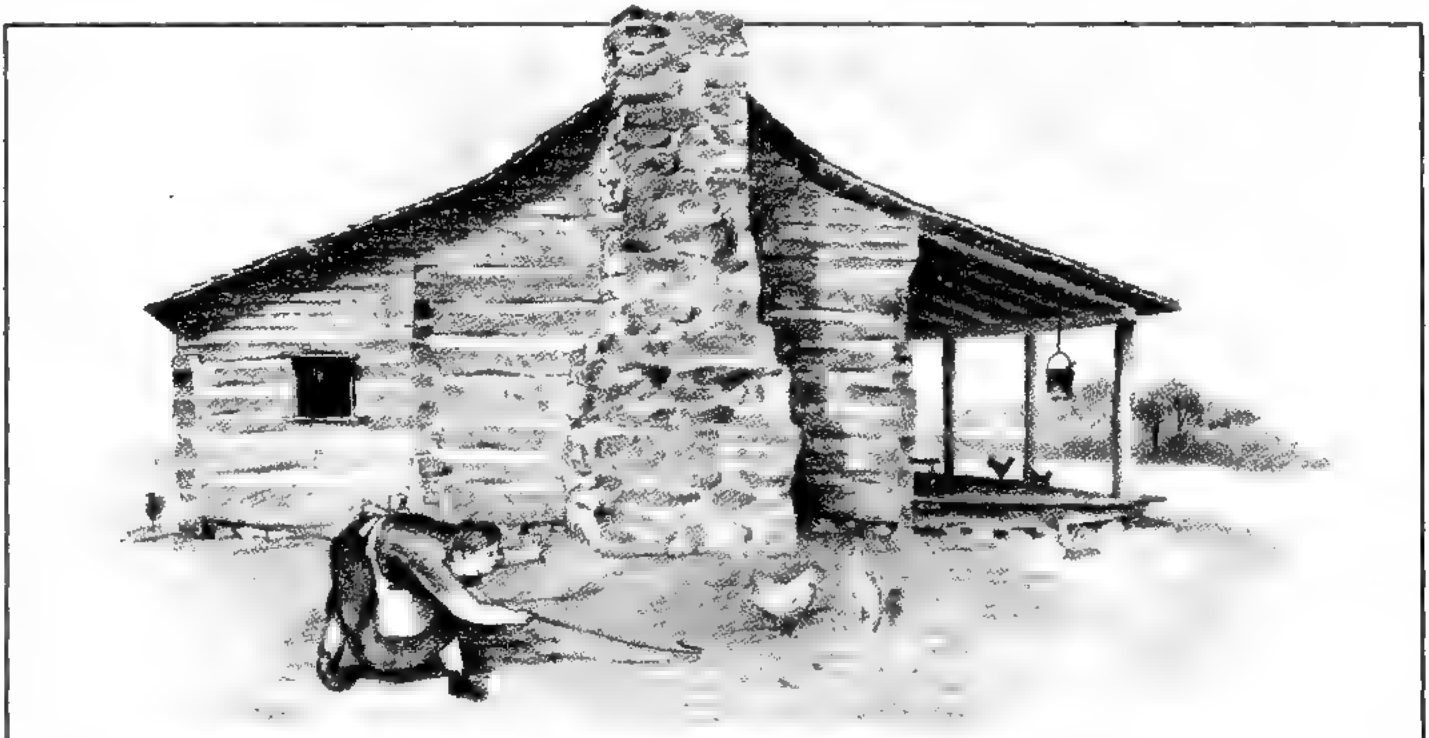
While the boys played in the mill yard, the ladies visited with neighbors and looked and traded at the general store; or, all too often, they stayed at home. There was a time when veterans of *The* War, Rebs and some Yanks too, came as neighbors and customers to this old mill. The raw humor which had carried these men through America's greatest tragedy lives on in this area, mellowed some by the years.

Health Department inspectors never came to the old mill and, during Aunt Mandy Justice's time, their visits would have been unnecessary. Aunt Mandy rode to the mill side-saddle with her sack of corn before her. The miller always helped her down, tied her horse, and brought the corn inside for her. By the time he had reached the mill she had given the millroom an inspection. If conditions there did not meet her standards, it was thoroughly cleaned on the spot—before her corn was ground. And no one knew for sure just when Aunt Mandy might come riding up.

Nature herself provided the mill with pest control, for when rats and mice became too numerous, a rattlesnake or two would den up beneath the floors. Mr. Rattler's presence would soon be revealed by the rodents' abandoning the millroom to find loftier quarters where their activities were limited and marked by silent cautiousness.

To have burned the ill-constructed old building to the ground would have been the only means of ridding the mill of its new boarders, so between men and snake a policy to live and let live was adopted. The rattlesnakes stayed in their dens under the floor during the daylight hours, and any necessary after-dark visits to the mill were made by lantern-light with a slow and noisy approach—giving the snake ample opportunity to retreat. The snakes were obliging and rattled only when crowded, for neither party relished the ordeal of an unexpected encounter.

A welfare office of sorts was established in the mill by a custom attributed to my Great-Uncle Joe. Near the gristmill stood a support beam, braced near its top by four short pieces of lumber nailed at angles to the floor. When Uncle Joe was doing rather poorly he would bring his empty meal sack and leave it hanging from one of these braces. Grandpa would fill it with a peck or two of meal ground from the toll corn, and then set it near the door where other customers' sacks waited to be claimed.



Mrs. Kirby in search of the missing forty-eight grains of her favorite corn.

Over the years other old men in need, and too proud to ask, would leave their empty sacks hanging beside Uncle Joe's. A spoken word was never used in these transactions, but Grandpa always found some meal for each sack. I guess he was just that kind of man.

IN the days when land was checked with a bull-tongue plow, the seed dropped by hand, and the corn cultivated with one horse hooked to a double-shovel plow, life was hard and humor harsh. Those times are remembered better than they were lived.

In the fall of the year the miller at Wimberley was plagued by the green walnuts floating in the millrace. Enough of them would always escape the screen to clog the turbine from time to time. When this happened the miller would have to close the wooden floodgate, take a bucket with him and climb twenty-two feet down the dark flume of the penstock to the bottom where he dislodged the nuts from the turbine blades and gathered them into the bucket, one by one. In this damp, close chamber, a man could get mighty nervous thinking about the innumerable dangers of his task.

One fall season my Uncle John Will was the miller faced with this chore. Three fingers shortened by gin saws may have influenced his caution, for after Uncle had closed the floodgate, he ordered a bunch of youthful spectators from the scene before he entered the flume. When the thud of walnuts being dropped into the tin bucket began echoing up from the flume, Coleman Holt emerged silently from the shadows of the mill and dipped a five-gallon bucket full of water from the millrace.

Holding the bucket in one hand, he began shouting frantically into the air, "Hey, you kids! Get away from that floodgate! Don't you know there's a man down in that hole? Get away from there! Hey, stop it! Oh, my Lord!" And he dumped the bucket down the flume.

Seconds later, when Uncle's dripping head appeared above the flume-top, Coleman had crossed the garden-patch, the creek, and was then crossing the village square—heading south, but his wild laughter could still be heard at the mill.

WITHOUT federal advice and "givermint" aid, the old-time farmer around Wimberley tried to raise enough corn each year to fill all his needs for the next—to feed himself, his team, and most everything that lived about the barn; to fatten a hog or two; to have a carry-over in case of drought; some to sell, maybe, and for darn sure enough seed corn to start the whole process over again, come next spring.

An old-timer set much store in the kind of corn that went into his cornbread. He usually had a "corn-bread patch" where he planted a strain which might well be the same kind planted by his great-grandpappy. Necessity could have been responsible for this practice, but it had a certain logic because the strain of corn determines the quality and quantity of the kernel's content of soluble soft starches which, in turn, determines the flavor and richness of the meal. The grain's hard starches contribute little more than bulk and color to the quality of cornbread—no matter how fine the texture of the grind.

According to Uncle Hick, old man Joe Russell was about the first to bring a sack of "Hickory Cane" corn to Wimberley Mills. This was a white flint corn that grew with eight rows of kernels to the cob. Many of these kernels were as large as a man's thumb-nail, but they had a hard starch outer shell which meant that the mill had better have sharp stones. Anyone with a grandparent born south of the Mason-Dixon line is apt to agree that this corn made the best hominy to be had, and some swore by its meal and roasting ears. This claim may have to be qualified in certain areas, because south of The Line some people are still pretty touchy about their cornbread. In the South it used to be "*nearly* all right" to use soda in cornbread, and a forgivable sin to add "just a *little*" baking powder to the mix—mind you, not too much. But when it was learned that north of The Line the Yankees were grinding the meal into powdered dust and adding sugar—well, things got to popping sure enough. "Damn Yankee" was heard in the kitchen, and if you are looking for any Lost Causes, don't overlook cornpone bread.

One year Grandpa Wimberley ordered Hasting's "Seven Ear Wonder" and, on land irrigated from the millrace, grew corn that fulfilled the catalog's promise. But most old-timers usually saved their seed-corn from their last year's crop. Then too, many of them had their own strain of corn which was not listed in any breeder's book.

The battle of the Pea Ridge was recent history when Mrs. P. L. Kirby lived in a log cabin near Searcy, Arkansas. One spring, drought and other misfortune had left her with only a stunted ear of her favorite corn for seed. In the kitchen she shelled the nubbin, counted each sound grain into a pint measuring cup, and got forty-eight, all told. Under such circumstances, she decided to plant this

(Continued on page 41)

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There was no sugar or cream for this boy at STRAWBERRY, ARIZONA

Log cabin built by N. E. Hopkins at Strawberry, Arizona.

By DAVE HOPKINS

Photos Courtesy Author

Packing lumber into Fossil Creek, 1907. The author's father is standing in the center of the pack train.

MY FATHER N. E. Hopkins, raised on a Kansas farm, decided to try his luck and run for a homestead in the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma. I have heard my mother say that he rode a gray mare and that he was a winner in the race for a 160-acre location of bottom land of black soil—but when the excitement of the race was over he wanted to move on and pioneer again, so he traded his homestead for a wagon and a span of mules and moved to join his Uncle Jim Hopkins in homesteading and a cattle venture at Strawberry, Arizona. The new owners of the land in the Strip struck it rich in oil, and were well compensated for their team and wagon.

When a land claim had been filed at Strawberry, logs chopped from the forest, and a cabin built, Father sent to Kansas for my mother and sister, their only child at the time, to join them. To meet them at the railroad in Flagstaff called for a three-day trip one way with team and wagon, camping out nights under the tall pines and sleeping in what was known as a "skunk boat." This was made by stretching a square canvas and raising all four corners and sides about two feet so the skunks couldn't get in at night. By this means our family's exciting pioneer ranch life was started and it was to last quite a few years.

My mother and sister had just finished milking the cows one morning in 1907

when a long single-file column of Apache Indians came slowly around the bend in the road, traveling on horseback from their reservation at San Carlos to Fossil Creek where a huge powerhouse was under construction. They hoped to find work, and the power company did employ a number of Indians. There were men, women and children in the group. Some of the women were walking ahead of their husbands, mounted on horses; other were riding and carrying huge bundles behind them, probably their earthly belongings.

It seemed there was no end to them. After twenty-five horses there would be nearly another twenty-five to follow. As each family reached our water well they would dismount, drink from our bucket, a gourd dipper of their own or just a plain tomato can, then mount up and be on their way. As they approached our house on the trail that passed very near, Mother would become very apprehensive lest they try to harm one of us five small children, or ask for something to eat and become very angry when no food was given.

The column strung out past our house and along our field which was fenced with split rails. My mother and older brother, age eleven, would walk alongside the Indians but just inside the rail fence to see that no harm came to our corn or pumpkins. My father was working away from home, packing lumber down into Fossil Creek to the construction site in order to earn some cash badly needed for taxes, clothing and food that we couldn't raise for winter use.

When a market for cattle could be found, it would be a hundred miles away in Phoenix or Flagstaff, and after driving the stock overland all this distance a yearling steer would bring $8.00. My father cut all his own hay with a cradling scythe and raked it with a hand rake he made himself.

MOTHER was afraid of these Indians but she had my father's pistol tucked in her clothing and she could use it well, as she demonstrated one day when a wandering bear came by the house. I heard her say years later that she just shot at that bear to please the children. It was pleasing to me, believe me, as he was getting too close for comfort. He turned and ran down the canyon when my mother fired.

It was while climbing over the rail fence one day to chase some cows out of the field that my mother fell and broke her finger. She returned to the house and tied a white rag around her finger, then finished the family wash on the rub-board with no thought of medical aid. There was none to be had, except our dear neighbor Mrs. Peach, who always acted as midwife when there was a new baby.

I remember one day I heard someone yell "Open the gate," and I looked up to see F. V. "Red" Jones coming in the direction of our double corrals driving a two-year-old maverick heifer in a high gallop. I managed to get the bar poles down and get out of the way. Red put her into the corral and branded her with the Bar D brand run by his father, Dave Jones, whose ranch was but a couple of miles away.

N. E. and Lucy Hopkins with their daughter, Bessie, posed for this family photograph in Pleasanton, Kansas, 1897 or '98.

"Bar D" Jones (as he was known) was heard to say that when his boy Red wrapped his legs around a bronc, nothing could get him off. Red, in my estimation, was one of the best old-time cowboys there ever was and a very good and true friend.

I recall the first roundups that I attended at about age five. My mother would help me onto a pony as soon as the bellowing could be heard as the cattle neared the roundup ground, and I would ride out and watch the branding, roping, and all the other exciting things that happened. Last but not least was getting to eat at noon with the cowboys and see the huge bean-pot full of pintos and the Dutch ovens of delicious meat.

Coming back to the milking detail again, it was quite an operation with my brother tying the calves off and turning them loose when the milkers were finished. This operation, of course, was an absolute necessity for our daily subsistence, as there was no corner grocery to depend upon. From about twenty head of range cows we had plenty of milk, butter, and cottage cheese. We didn't make cheese with a press as some people did—one, in particular, Pete Le Tourette, our neighbor to the west.

I remember my mother would cook a huge pot of string beans and pour in sweet milk for seasoning and I also recall how good they were.

A short time after this Father contracted typhoid fever and died in our log home while my brother and sister were also ill of the disease. The only medical attention they had was when a doctor would ride over horseback, twenty-two miles from Payson, to attend them once a week or so. Often upon arrival he would be under the influence of alcohol.

Not one of our family attended my father's funeral as it was a terribly rainy

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day. The man that drove the team that took him away to the cemetery sat on the coffin wearing a rain slicker, and I was informed by Walt Randall in later years that it was he who conducted the services upon arrival.

The two children that were ill with typhoid recovered by the fall of the year and, thanks to God, no one else took sick.

Mother decided to move to the Verde Valley and leave her sad experience and memories behind. She and the girls rode in the wagon with the driver, Earn Fuller, and my brother and I followed behind, helping Hank Peach drive a few head of cattle.

We were a sad group, six children in all by then, on our three-day trip over Strawberry grade and down over the mud tanks to the Verde to begin a new life.

But we made it. Five of us are still around: Bessie Walker, Camp Verde; James R. Hopkins, deceased; Lydia Cannon, Long Beach, California; Mrs. Clarence Britton, Tucson; Effie Dot Hopkins, Tucson; and me, Dave, at Camp Verde.

Cyclones and Neighbors

(Continued from page 33)

took an hour had taken three.

Ella and Mattie were put into the wagon to sit by their stepmother and Cora. Grandfather Bristow got into the wagon seat with his neighbor and, with the four boys walking behind, they all proceeded to the home of the neighbor. There the injured ones were transferred from the wagon to a soft, warm bed. One of the neighbor's boys was dispatched by horseback to a town six miles away to bring the doctor.

The fire in the fireplace was replenished until it roared up the chimney. Mattie and Ella were given some dry garments to replace their damp nightgowns. The boys preferred to dry out before the fire. The neighbor lady and her daughters soon had a meal ready, with plenty of good hot coffee. My father said he had never appreciated good neighbors so much before or since.

After being warmed, dried and fed the men folks returned to the wrecked home to see if anything could be salvaged, and if any of the livestock had survived the storm. They found many unbelievable things. In the midst of the many big trees blown up by the roots and lying twisted on the ground would be one tree standing as straight and solid as if there had been no cyclone. The few trees left standing had quilts, feather beds, pillows and articles of clothing woven through their branches.

The log barn was gone—not even one log or piece of lumber remained where the barn had been. A quarter of a mile away they found the old red mule that had always been a problem. He had been able to open all doors or gates with his teeth and the only way he could be restrained was to tie a rope to his halter and tie the other end of the rope around a log of the barn with the knot on the outside. Now he was cropping grass contentedly, still wearing the halter with the rope tied to it and to one log from the barn. There didn't seem to be a scratch on the tough old animal's body as a result of his quarter-of-a-mile flight through the air.

The fat hogs which were to have made meat for the family had been crushed to death in their pens by falling trees. A few chickens fluttered uncertainly from one place to another, but most had been killed.

The beds on which the boys had been sleeping when the cyclone struck, stood on the few remaining boards of the floor of the old house. An old-fashioned "stand table" between the beds had escaped, although the floor boards all around it had been ripped up and blown away. On it were my grandfather's Sunday hat and the family Bible, both undisturbed although wet from the rain.

THE DOCTOR arrived at the neighbor's home in the afternoon and, after examining the injured expectant mother, pronounced her in serious condition. Cora sustained many bruises and cuts but her condition was good. The doctor marveled that they had not been killed outright.

Other neighbors and friends came to help the stricken family when news of their plight was spread around the countryside. A place was cleared near the spring and a tent was set up as a temporary home. Some more bedding was found in treetops and in other astonishing places miles away. Neighbors donated clothing, some cooking utensils, dishes and other necessary items. The cyclone was found to have freakishly dipped down and struck only my grandfather's property and some adjoining wooded area. No other home had been hit.

The weather turned bitterly cold after the storm, and that vicinity had the worst winter of a generation. But a heating stove kept the tent home livable, and two cows that had survived the cyclone provided milk and butter for the family. Various friends donated feed for the cows and for the one tough old mule. The rest of the stock had been killed.

Grandfather Bristow was a proud man who had always provided for his family and it was humiliating to have to accept help in this way. However, in later years he tried to make up for it by being unusually generous whenever anyone of his acquaintance was in need.

The doctor made numerous trips to see the young stepmother, and in January a beautiful baby girl added her presence to the already crowded tent home—but she was very welcome.

My grandfather and his sons worked every nice day, cutting up and removing the downed trees from their premises. The logs and treetops were dragged away with the help of a chain and the old red mule.

Spring found the beginning of a new log house and a barn. By summer the family had moved in. There was a nice garden, and corn was growing in the fields.

The stepmother lived to be more than ninety years old, little Cora past seventy years, and the baby born in the tent died in November 1970 in her eighty-seventh year. That generation was hard to keep down.

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Old Wimberley Mills

(Continued from page 37)

corn in the garden close to the cabin where it could be more carefully tended.

Leaving the cup on the table, she went to prepare seed-beds in the garden; when she returned, the cup, unmoved, was empty. After considering all possible ways for the corn to have vanished, the solution to the mystery suddenly dawned upon her. Several thoughts crowded in her mind: "That ole laying hen—she flies through the window and pokes around the kitchen—should have cooked her with dumplings a long time ago—but she's too good a layer."

A quick search about the yard and, sure enough, the laying hen's craw was bulging a lot bigger than that of the other chickens. After catching the culprit, Mrs. Kirby opened the craw with her buttonhole scissors, retrieved the corn—all forty-eight grains, and stitched the opening together again with white sewing thread. The old hen recovered from her operation without complications or loss of laying habit, and Mrs. Kirby grew a new supply of seed corn that season.

MY Grandpa Lawrence had a white "squaw corn" he liked in cornbread. The kernels were rounded and a thin shell of hard starches held a copious cavity of soft starches about the germ. Weevils were fond of this corn, too. During the winter season, they could turn a log crib full of this particular corn into a mass of dust-filled shucks and empty cobs by spring. Such an experience did much to create interest in hybrid corns.

Rawhide Weaver lived in the cedar brakes over on Lone Man Creek where he raised a little strawberry corn in his older days. Strawberry was a soft corn with large bright white kernels streaked in swirls of blood-red. One spring Rawhide brought a little sack of this corn to the mill. Grandpa Pleasant poured it into the hopper and was about to dip out his toll when he stopped. "Why, Rawhide," he said, "this corn won't do for meal, Weevils have about eaten it up."

"I know, Grandpa," replied Rawhide, "but it is all I got." Pleasant Wimberley added corn from the toll box to that in the hopper before he started the mill.

In "them good ole days" the weevil ate pretty high on the hog. And he still keeps a lot of men busy just to control him.

SEE PAGE 57

Lost River of Silver

(Continued from page 15)

Having delivered the warning Nezki Begay strode away quickly.

Driving on down the road Walker chuckled to himself. A superstitious bunch, the Navajos. He hoped he hadn't foolishly paid $100 for some kind of worthless rock.

At home in Flagstaff, Walker took two pieces of the ore to a metallurgist in late June 1924. It was almost pure silver. He could hardly believe it at first. But the expert assured him that it ran more than 70%. Wasn't that *pure* enough to suit him?

"Holy Joe!" Walker exclaimed. "I'm rich! There's a creek full of it up there—been melted by a volcano—flows into a deep wash from one of them buttes."

Walker returned to the butte country with legal papers to file a claim, accompanied by two friends. They proposed surveying the acreage and making the correct legal description from a corner section line post. In high spirits Walker entered what he believed the right area, but he couldn't find a certain butte looming over a wash. All of them had washes and arroyos around the base, and of the hundred pointing into the sky half looked exactly alike from one side or the other. After sundown the three tired men retreated to Winslow to spend the night.

For a week they drove down dozens of sheep trails and hiked in to buttes on nothing more than a hunch. No dice. The bewildered Walker only grew more confused trying to recall over and over exactly where he and the Navajo had turned off an old dirt wagon road.

Most aggravating of all, he couldn't locate the hogan where Nezki Begay supposedly lived. He did reach the one where Begay had got out but no one had

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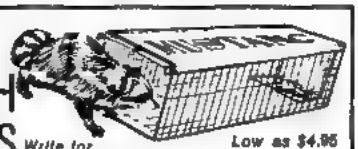

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occupied it for months. When Walker told his two friends about Old Silversmith's curse—that no one would ever possess his silver—Walker didn't laugh anymore.

The first quest had to be abandoned but on his next try he found an Indian who told him that Nezki Begay had moved far east beyond Fort Defiance. Finally when Walker traced him there, the Navajo was dead. At the end of three years Walker abandoned the search, retiring to San Diego, California. In that city he loafed in the parks, telling other old-timers how near he once came to being a multi-millionaire.

WALKER had actually seen a legendary source of silver, known to the Navajos before the first white men appeared in the Southwest. At that time they did not know how to work it.

When the first established traders began entering Navajo country during the 1870s, they found Indians wearing heavy cumbersome bracelets of crude native manufacture, sometimes set with roughly polished turquoise. The metal was brittle, containing tiny cracks and abrasions.

Thomas V. Keam, Don Lorenzo Hubbell, and other early-day traders made local inquiries. They were told that the bracelets, later bridle headstalls and belt conchas, were made from silver found on the reservation. Where was the mine? None admitted knowing. Some of the weighty bracelets were purchased by the traders and sent to jewelry manufacturers who reported that the silver had once been melted under intense heat and pressure. Alloyed with it in this process was a large amount of copper and two other metals. It was this hardening combination that gave the Navajo craftsmen trouble. Their crude charcoal furnaces could not melt it down into a workable consistency. It had been hammered into shape while heated. Hence the cracks and abrading.

Eventually the traders learned that the man making most of this jewelry for personal adornment, and who sometimes sold chunks of it to other Indian craftsmen, was Old Silversmith. He was born and raised in the colorful country of natural monuments that dwarfed those in long-heralded Monument Valley. The area is about fifty miles wide and a hundred long, reaching into a goodly portion of the Painted Desert and positioned in the counties of Coconino and Navajo.

Old Silversmith avoided Keam, the trader at Keams Canyon. He traded with Hubbell at Ganado, later with J. H. McAdams at Sunrise Springs, and E. J. Marty at Indian Wells. When propositioned to reveal the source of his silver, Old Silversmith merely grunted. Hubbell offered him $15,000 to show him his secret mine—and that appeal almost ended their long friendship.

In time American silver dollars, Mexican *pesos*, and silver squares .925 ounces fine, became generally available. The native smith could easily work this silver into fine jewelry and draw it out thin. Popular demand for the hard silver of Old Silversmith ended. His own fabrications were no longer favored because of the excessive weight. Eventually he turned to using the better form of silver himself.

The situation was at this stage when Franklin H. French began prospecting the butte country from Winslow. He first stayed with John Chandler who operated a trading post under one of the buttes named for him.

French was an experienced prospector in California before coming to Arizona. His life was dedicated to hunting precious metals. Always he beamed confidence that around the next hill, any day he would strike it rich. Yet for years the butte country's secrets evaded him. In between excursions therein he prospected elsewhere, and especially in the bottom of Grand Canyon.

THE summer and early fall of 1885 were spent prowling the buttes anew. On running out of supplies he decided to return to Winslow where his family lived.

Riding out, pack horse following, he rounded the base of a medium-sized butte. Eroded washes and partly filled volcanic cracks forced many detours. While making one of them, his roving eyes came to rest on a curious black surface. Under the sunlight it appeared grotesquelly fluid, revealing water-like ripples that were hardened forever in place. They were so well defined that they appeared to be constantly moving.

His curiosity aroused, French dismounted to examine the phenomenon. While walking up the wash emanating from the base of the butte he came onto the site of what was obviously an old surface mine. Pieces had been broken out where the horizontal strata thinned.

With a miner's pick he knocked off several chunks. The inside rough edges were the color of horn silver. Testing the ore on the spot, he determined that he had guessed right. Somewhat excited, French hurried on to Winslow. He was the first white discoverer of Old Silversmith's mine and the man who named it "a river of silver," although "a creek of silver" might have been more apt. His account was hard for anyone other than a dyed-in-the-wool prospector to believe.

Resupplying himself, French returned to the butte country a few days later. This man had spent most of his life in remote, isolated, and untrampled wastelands. Far from being a greenhorn, he was an expert at finding his way about, reading sign, and remembering landmarks. Nevertheless, French could not return to the butte where he had found the silver ore.

Occupying his old camp under French Butte, a one-room cabin, he worked out from there in all directions. According to his family, French's astonishment over being unable to find the lode drove him into a kind of frenzy. Wherever he rode in his search there was sure to be at least two medium-sized buttes resembling in shape and color the one from the bottom of which silver had once poured in a molten stream. But none of them was the right one.

The area was almost entirely uninhabited. Most Navajos lived farther north below the Hopi mesas. The lower half

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of the butte country—dominated by the giant of them all, Castle Butte—was then in public domain. French made inquiries of the few traveling Indians he encountered as to Old Silversmith's source of the white metal. So did Chandler. Both men spoke the Navajo language, yet neither obtained one clue. The Indians questioned promptly went frozen-faced.

Bitterly discouraged, French returned to prospecting elsewhere in northern Arizona. He talked often about the river of silver and from his accounts grew the legend passed on to this day.

The butte was a plug, filling the original crater when the volcano died. Then the surrounding terrain eroded away, leaving it and all the others as stark natural monuments across a vast plain. The intense heat had melted ores deep in the earth; pressure forced them to the top, where they ran out into the wash like lava. That body could be followed down and mined.

French dreamed of this great wealth to the day he died. While people believed the responsible old man gave the exact facts, there were only a few who cared to give the eerie forbidding area a try. Most were content then, as today, to view the fantastic purple buttes, edifices and cathedrals of all forms and sizes, from afar—silhouetted against an azure sky.

THE lost river of silver became a local saga told by the few whites living in Navajo country—Indian traders and government employes at agencies. Details of French's experience spread only from Winslow.

While to the average citizen a river of silver was too fantastic to believe, the subject was discussed seriously by horny-handed prospectors. East in New Mexico Asa Gordon heard it and, though others scoffed at valuable minerals existing in volcanic formations such as lava beds and malpais badlands, he knew better. The big man had once found gold nuggets in the lava fields south of Grants.

Going to Winslow, main stepping-off point into the butte country, in 1912 he hunted up and talked to all of French's former close friends. Next he talked to Indian traders, culling from them every scrap of information to be had.

Obtaining surveyor's charts and government township maps he studied them while planning a systematic inspection of the buttes. Then after moving in to begin prospecting he discovered that not one butte in twenty-five was named or had been mapped. They didn't even exist according to the maps he had.

Undaunted, Gordon selected the great mass of Castle Butte as a central starting point. From there he began extensively searching a weird land beset by torrid days, cold nights, and possessing a monotonous sameness sufficient to drive a man mad.

There were many reasons—too many!—why a man might not be able to return to the lost river of silver after actually finding it. One was the incredible, ghostly mirages that appeared regularly under the right light and climatic conditions. Every day seemed to be one just made for them. Gordon might be gazing at a massive butte in a lake, where none existed, and after turning around glance back to discover that it had vanished.

Ground haze proved another major obstacle. Its depths concealed broken, impassable terrain. The whole region was a nightmare of fantastic and weird heraldings of the impossible and unbelievable. At times its vastness stretched fifty or more miles east and west in wonderful clarity; then by mid-day visibility might be confined to landmarks half a mile away, all others hidden behind the shimmering veil of eternity.

Gordon was sorely perplexed by these circumstances, and awed by the terrible silence of the land.

He had been informed that French always said the river of silver lay somewhere between mighty Castle Butte and the one named for himself. French Butte stands ten miles northeast of Castle. When Gordon finally located it a Navajo showed him French's cabin ruins, but the spring once there had disappeared into the ground.

The few Indians residing in the area were asked about the lost river of silver. Their replies were all of the same nature, "Haala!" (which means in English just about the same as, "What the hell!").

Blocking out the butte country in sections, Gordon searched each one system-

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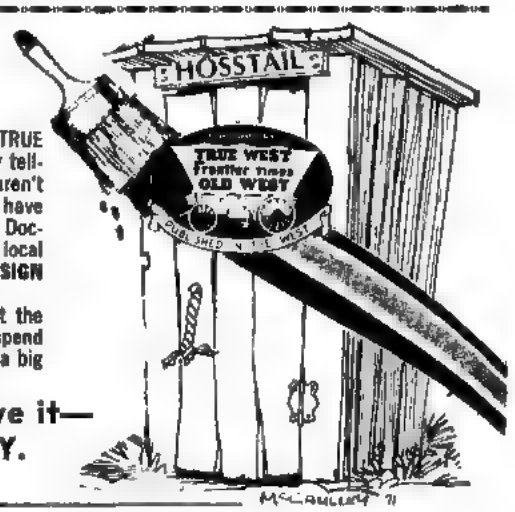

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The great Castle Butte which dominates the country surrounding the lost silver lode.

atically, though his plan didn't work out as he had hoped. Some days he plodded over ground and around buttes only to come upon evidence that he had already been there.

By fall he had covered a twenty-square-mile area encompassing Castle and French Buttes. Some likely heights inside the area were inspected more than once, yet for all his painstakingly thorough examination he failed to find a stream of hardened silver running into a wash.

ONE cold October night he camped beside a ragged butte on the northern extremes of his search area. As dawn broke and he stirred a firebed into flame, two bullets whined over his head. Taking cover, he waited for others—which didn't come. Vagaries of the wind prevented his being sure of the elevation from which the rifleman fired. It could have been from the butte at his back.

Unarmed, Gordon packed hurriedly, drifting south to hiding before even cooking a meal. It occurred to him that most Navajos were good marksmen. He could easily have been killed; therefore, that had not been the intention of the rifleman. Not yet, anyway. The bullets were designed to drive him from the area. Did that mean he was getting too close to the silver?

Circling around to the north he went to Tees To trading post, buying a Winchester rifle and .45 Colt's from Charles Hubbell. Replenishing his supplies there also, Gordon next centered his attention on a line from the Giant's Chair in the west, east toward French Butte.

By the middle of November nights had grown very cold and stormy weather approached. No matter—he had worked out every wash, arroyo—even mere gashes—emanating from small and large buttes.

One night Gordon rolled into his blankets concluding to get out early the next morning ahead of a threatening storm. The day had been completely overcast with low-hanging gray clouds. After midnight snow began sifting down. When it should have been daylight, the fall increased. Making a hasty breakfast he hurried south before the snow could pile up.

The fluffy fall continued, accented by an incredible silence worse than any he had encountered before in the strangely quiet country. Twice Gordon lost his way and finally held up in a cove to await a slackening off.

That did not happen, although it wasn't too bad when he set forth again. Near noon he stumbled from the glowing grayness down into a wash. Cold and miserable he started for the opposite side. But there he could not negotiate a sheer wall from which protruded a thin ledge.

Turning down the wash, his two burros close at his boot heels, Gordon raked off the snow, peering low over the cleared space. Startled, he came in against a projecting ledge again. Suddenly his nerves started pounding. A purplish black surface lay exposed before him. Except for the odd color it could be malpais.

Using a pick Gordon knocked off a chunk, and the freshly broken edge revealed silver. He got enough of the ore to fill the panniers on one burro.

Stifling his excitement, Gordon reminded himself that he must make certain of being able to find the spot again. The butte from which the wash emerged was not visible through the falling snow, so he pyramided volcanic stones shoulder high on the edge of the wash. With visibility restored it should stand out from a considerable distance—or so he believed.

Before the three-day storm ended, Gordon reached the railroad, moving west into Winslow. Snow covered the ground three to four feet on the level; in places wind had drifted it into frozen piles. There was no chance of returning to the butte country before spring. Leaving his burros and equipment in the La Prade dairy barn he took the train to Albuquerque, New Mexico. The silver he had packed out brought $860.

In the spring, after the snow and ice were melted into dirty patches, Gordon returned to the buttes. While en route to the railroad during the snowstorm he had come out by Castle Butte, so it seemed a simple matter to go back past the great monument to his marker on the wash. Of course, it didn't work out that way.

After a month of searching he could only conclude that the pyramid had been deliberately removed. Later he was certain of it. Two aged Navajos stalked into his camp one night. In the surrounding darkness other Indians waited. The creak of saddle leather convinced him a rather large party had slipped in on him.

After smoking Gordon's tobacco for a few minutes, the two rose to their feet. One, who spoke fair English, told the white man to leave and never return.

"For if you do," he averred solemnly, "you will never depart alive." When Gordon attempted to reason with the old men, they stalked wordlessly into the night.

Going to the Leupp Agency that had been established on the Little Colorado River west of Winslow, Gordon reported the belligerent visit.

"We do not have enough policemen to send a guard with you," the agent shook his head dourly. "It seems to me that discretion on your part is the best way for you to stay healthy."

Gordon withdrew from the butte country for nearly three years, then returned with a partner. Armed, they planned protecting each other while searching for the silver lode. In the end, their venture was a repeat of Gordon's previous trip in—the right butte and wash could not be found.

AS the years rolled on, the story of the lost river of silver attracted several prospectors who made half-hearted attempts to find it. But besides the doubtful possibility that Old Silversmith's curse was guarding his mine, there existed all the other reasons why landmarks could easily become lost in that extraordinary region.

William H. Walker was the third and last white man to see and remove silver from the stream at the foot of an unknown butte. Tribesmen claimed that Nezki Begay died because he defied Old Silversmith's curse. Because of this none of the others would part with information, provided they had any.

One by one the old Navajos who might have known the location died before World War II. None of those living in the butte country today have any idea where it could be. If one of them did, he would claim it and become wealthy. Today's Navajos are educated and trained in the professions and crafts. None of the new generation has any superstitious fear of what long-dead Old Silversmith could do to them. But all they know about the lost silver are folklore yarns handed down in their families.

A number admit that they have looked for the silver, and sheepherders in that country always maintain a sharp lookout for the right wash under a butte. Navajos say there is no logical reason why it hasn't been found in recent years. The area is thickly populated now and well inside the added acreage of the Navajo Reservation. If it still lies uncovered it should have been found.

Their theory is that a slide off the butte of a few thousand tons, maybe even a hundred thousand, has covered the silver river and probably the entire wash. Metal detectors have been tried out, but they won't work because of the mineralized content of the buttes. This leaves one hope—location by pure accident—beginner's luck in a treasure-poker game!

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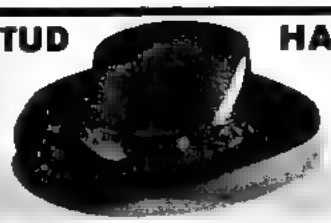

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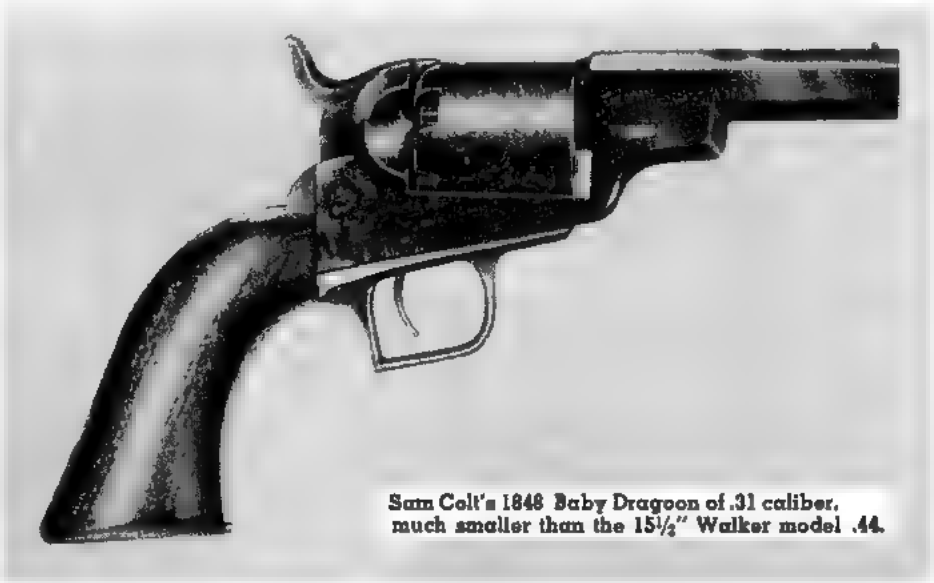
Sam Colt's Big Pistol

(Continued from page 31)

service. Many of the men who fought in Florida later drifted to the wild frontier of Texas, and their Patersons went with them. Among them was Samuel H. Walker, who was destined to cross trails with Sam Colt during the war with Mexico.

In spite of the success of the Colt gun in Florida, the old guard on the ordnance boards remained adamant. They tested the Colt several times, but with the same negative approach. Fortunately for Colt, however, another market opened up—Texas!



Sam Colt's 1848 Baby Dragoon of .31 caliber, much smaller than the 15½" Walker model .44.

THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS in the 1840s embraced not only the state's present area, but parts of New Mexico, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Colorado. And Texas had its full complement of desperadoes. Mexican bandits made raids across the Rio Grande. Brownsville was sacked. The population was terrorized. From the north, Comanche war parties swooped down upon the settlers on the plains. A weapon of defense was their only salvation, separated as they were from their nearest neighbor by miles of prairie land.

The dependability of Sam Colt's revolver was proved time and again on that wild frontier. The lone homesteader with his single-shot rifle lost valuable time reloading. More often than not his scalp, and those of his family, swung from the belt of a brave when the war party rode away. A cool eye behind the sights of a Paterson Colt had five shots as quickly as he could thumb back the hammer and pull the trigger. A pair gave him ten aimed shots. Those who owned Colts and knew how to use them would send the warriors in full retreat, their dead dotting the ground behind them.

When a man crossed over into Texas he entered a territory where the only law was that which he could provide for himself. Dueling was common, and men were often killed in these "affairs of honor." Sam Houston received so many challenges during a term as President of the Republic that he had to file them in the order in which they were received.

There were honest, God-fearing people, and there were gamblers, toughs and the riffraff from a dozen foreign countries. Many a frontiersman shot his way out of a saloon brawl, or an ambush, with his revolver. Mexican, Indian or white, it made no difference to the Colt. It tamed them all!

Eventually, however, even the sparsely settled West fell off as a market, and in other parts of the country Colt revolvers gathered dust on the store shelves. Even when the dealers resorted to cutting prices, it wasn't easy to move them. Orders for the guns finally stopped completely, and young Colt tucked his revolver patents away and started to experiment with a submarine mine. His company and its assets were sold to meet obligations; the Colt revolver was through.

FOR the next five years Colt experimented, perfecting explosives and waterproof cable. The Navy assigned him to blow up some obsolete vessels as a test of his devices, but it was the same old story—opposition to change. Even with the ships blown to bits before their eyes the naval officers were no more sold on his mine than their Army counterparts had been with his revolver.

Then war clouds began to darken the sky along the Rio Grande. In 1845 the Republic of Texas was admitted into the Union as a state. Mexico, still smarting from the wounds of 1836, declared war and started mobilizing her troops. Santa Anna returned from his Cuban exile to take command. President Polk countered by ordering General Taylor to the Rio Grande.

Taylor was worried. Opposed as he was by hordes of Mexicans, his cause looked hopeless. He called in Sam Walker, captain in the Texas Rangers, now of the First Mounted Rifles. Walker was typical of the hard-riding, fast-shooting men who formed the core of the original Rangers. He was only twenty-nine when the war broke out in 1846, but he was already a veteran and he had used the Paterson

Colt since the Seminole fighting in Florida.

Walker had been a member of Hays' troop of fifteen men when the Rangers met a war party of eighty Comanches and shot them into a bloody mess; half of the braves were lost in the melee. Hays' men were armed with Colt's revolvers. Walker talked and the general listened, finally becoming convinced that Colt's pistol would give him the two things he must have: increased firepower and the ability of a few men so armed to withstand the onslaught of superior numbers.

Taylor's chief worry concerned the Mexican cavalry, some of the finest horsemen in the world. No carbine or pistol for them; they used a long slender lance that became lethal in their hands. Like the Comanches, they had learned to draw their enemy's fire by a feint, and before the clumsy single-shots could be reloaded they would sweep in among their defenseless opponents and skewer them like so many pigs. The U. S. cavalry had been severely mauled by the lancers, at times losing an entire patrol to the Mexicans' deadly skill. Taylor wisely decided to give Walker immediate leave to make the long trip to New York. In his pocket he carried an order for 1,000 revolvers of Sam Colt's patent.

The popular story is that on his arrival in New York, Walker got in touch with Colt, and then the difficulties began. Colt had been working on his demolition mine for five years, and in that time not one of his revolvers had been made. Now he was presented with a Government order for 1,000 guns, but he had no factory, no machines, no skilled workers necessary to produce them. Colt could not even lay hands on one of his old Patersons—not a single New York store had one in stock.

In his own way Sam Colt was as much of a fighter as Sam Walker, and the inventor saw in the Texas order a rebirth of his cherished revolver. So the two men sat down and designed a new gun, partly from Colt's memory, but with improvements suggested by Walker, who had used it in combat.

The gun they envisioned was to be larger and much heavier than the old one. At Walker's suggestion, the caliber was increased from .34 to .44 for more shock power. The barrel length was to be nine inches, with an attached rammer. Instead of the folding trigger of the Paterson, a regular trigger and trigger guard were designed.

The Army had specified a six-shot repeater; thus this model of 1847 was to become the first Colt six-shooter, a word that is synonymous with a revolver to this day. The cylinder was to be of sufficient length and strength to hold a charge of fifty grains of black powder behind the lead ball. This handgun would belch with authority; fifty grains of black powder made up the maximum load in a Kentucky rifle charge.

Sam Colt sublet the contract to Eli Whitney, of cotton-gin fame, who was making muskets for the Army. The revolvers were to be fabricated at Whitneyville, then turned over to Colt. Walker left for Texas with Colt's promise that

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YOU MAY REGRET IT IF YOU OVERLOOK PAGE 50!

1,000 guns would be delivered. The two men were never to meet again.

As fast as they were completed, the guns were sped to Texas and put into service. Walker and others claimed that the big Colts were as accurate and effective at 100 yards as a rifle, and superior to the musket at 200. Their full-throated roar echoed along the Rio Grande and across the length and breadth of the state.

It shot the vaunted Mexican lancers into ancient history and it drove the Comanches from the plains in wild disorder. The Indian wanted no part of this gun that bellowed like a wounded buffalo, a gun whose ball could propel a warrior into the arms of the Great Spirit as easily as it tumbled him headlong from his pony.

The big .44 went down into Mexico with the Texas cavalry and it boomed at Buena Vista, Vera Cruz and Mexico City. All along the border the lancers were brought down before the grim-eyed riders and their terrible pistols.

The gallant Captain Walker was not fated to survive the hostilities. His outfit became involved in a brisk skirmish with a detachment of lancers. Walker was momentarily defenseless, his guns empty, when a wild-riding Mexican made a suicidal dash into the American troop and killed him. The war ended in 1848 with Mexico's surrender and the Union was saved—saved in part by a man the U. S. military had repeatedly snubbed.

THE CAVALRY had grown fond of the big Colts. When the men were disbanded, many a trooper, with tongue in cheek, reported his .44 lost or stolen. The big guns scattered across the West with their owners, their lusty voices booming as necessity commanded. Walker Colts continued to fight off Indian attacks, and renegades too. They were even used to hunt the huge, lumbering buffalo.

Truly a versatile weapon, this first six-shooter of Sam Colt, known to collectors as the Colt-Walker model or First Dragoon, was a tough gun, shot by tough men, in tough times—and it did its work well.

His reputation belatedly established, Colt continued to receive Government orders and right up to the present time the Colt factory has furnished the official side arm for our armed forces; never again, however, did it turn out an arm as big as the Walker-Colt. Just as a matter of record, the current side arm, the Colt .45 automatic, weighs 39 ounces and is 8⅓ inches over-all; the Walker weighed in at 71½ ounces and scaled a whopping 15½ inches from butt to muzzle. No wonder the frontiersman needed suspenders. He needed them to keep his pants up with two holstered Walkers weighing more than ten pounds, loaded, belted about his waist.

The arms factory which Sam Colt built in Hartford, Connecticut stemmed from the government order for 1,000 revolvers in 1847; those guns gave the Colt arms empire its start.

I recently sat in the gunroom of a collector friend of mine and picked his Colt-Walker off his display rack to heft it. As I casually lined the sights on an imaginary foe, I asked him what he considered its value. His answer almost made me drop it, for he set a price of more than $3,000!

Sam Colt sold them to the Government for $28 apiece, and that included a bullet mold!

Tragedy in Fremont County

(Continued from page 26)

of madness. When he was finally overcome and shackled, Harry was wrapped in a blanket and forced into an automobile. His elderly mother had watched the whole terrifying struggle and was in tears.

" 'It was love that made me do it,' she said. 'Yes, only a mother could love Harry as he is now.' It is probable that the sheriff and his men heartily agreed.

"Crowds had filled Fairplay to see the madman. Sheriff Richards kept him from public view that night, trying to spare Mrs. Beeler's feelings, but the next day when he was led from the jail to the car, most of Park County was on hand to get a glimpse of the demented creature.

"Harry spent the night in the Pueblo jail as authorities at the state hospital had not been notified of his arrival in time, and also required that he be certified by a member of the family. Harry Beeler was finally committed and spent the rest of his life behind bars, insensible to anything around him. Death was his only release."

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 7)

mother's name was Charlotte Downing, a full-blood Cherokee. She had seventeen brothers and sisters, as her father, John Downing, was married twice. Their names were Ollie, Samuel, David, Isaac, Peggie, Nellie, Moses, Elizabeth, Celia, Jess, William, Cynthia, James, Catherine, John and Sallie Downing. John's father was Major Downing, said to have been a major in the British army who married a full-blood Cherokee woman of the Wolf clan. (I would like to know something of these clans, also: Wolf and Long Hair Clans.) Would appreciate hearing from any of the descendants of these great-great-uncles and aunts who could give me any information: Jeffrey, Susannah, Cynthia, Samuel Beck.—Rhonda Daniels, Route 1, Hepler, Kansas 66746

Jacks

I am interested in the ancestors, descendants and relatives of Solomon and Evin Jacks who were born in 1809 and 1811 in North Carolina. They moved into Kentucky, then into Gallia County, Ohio where they married Macumber sisters in 1829 and 1830.

About 1800 some of the family migrated to South Carolina, then into Mississippi and other southern states.

Other members of the early families moved west to Missouri and some into Texas. One or more were in the Mexican War, others were in the '49 gold rush to California.

Descendants of Solomon Jacks and Evin Jacks fought throughout the Civil War,

PROHIBITED

then migrated from Ohio to Iowa, Nebraska and several families, including Solomon, moved west to Oregon, then into Idaho and later Washington. Solomon died in 1877 and is buried in the old Keys Cemetery at Athena, Oregon.

I will answer all letters regarding the above inquiry.—Frank O. Jacks, 14848 N. E. 51, Redmond, Washington 98052

Taylor

In the turbulent spring of 1864 my grandmother, along with my mother, then two years old, left their Illinois home and joined a wagontrain at Fort Madison, Iowa, bound for California. They were to join my grandfather, Robert Taylor, and his father, Joseph B. Taylor, at Sacramento.

My grandmother, Susan Nichols Taylor, twenty-one years old, was then carrying my uncle, George B. Taylor, later born at Sacramento or Placerville on December 21, 1864. After arriving in Sacramento my grandmother was confronted with frustration and fear from being stranded without ample funds in a hectic atmosphere of goldseeking men and women.

My grandfather, Robert Taylor, was missing. In addition, it was learned that my great-grandfather, Joseph B. Taylor, had died in Placerville on June 1, 1864. No trace of Robert Taylor was ever found. And no burial site was ever found of my great-grandfather despite a search in later years by my parents.

In order to return home Grandmother received money from an aunt in Illinois. Later to avoid the dangerous land trip back to Illinois, my grandmother, mother and uncle returned by ship around Cape Horn to New York, thence by train to Chicago and home.

There was an Ed F. Taylor in Placerville who ran for Assemblyman in 1865 and again in 1869. It was never learned if he was related. Any information would be appreciated.—George W. Erwin, 1701 West Teton Drive, Peoria, Illinois 61614

Smith

I would like information concerning my great-great-grandfather, Jesse Smith. He was married to Abagail Silas. When his parents died, he and his brother and sisters were adopted by friends and neighbors. At the time, he was only old enough to know that he was a Smith.

My great-grandfather (Jesse's son), Williams Smith, was born in Galveston, Texas and nicknamed One Eyed Bill. William married Annie Amanda Smith (maiden name Smith) who was born in Beaukiss, Wililamson County, Texas. Any information would be most welcome. Send anything you may have heard about these people.—Mrs. Curtis Dentler, Box 335, Mumford, Texas 77867

Ravel-Tyler

I would appreciate any information on a Sarah Ravel. She married John Tyler and they had a son, Oscar Tyler, born April 26, 1825, in Liberty, Casey County, Kentucky.

The John Tylers lived in Tennessee in the 1840s. I would like to know who Sarah's mother and father were, and

(Continued on page 68)

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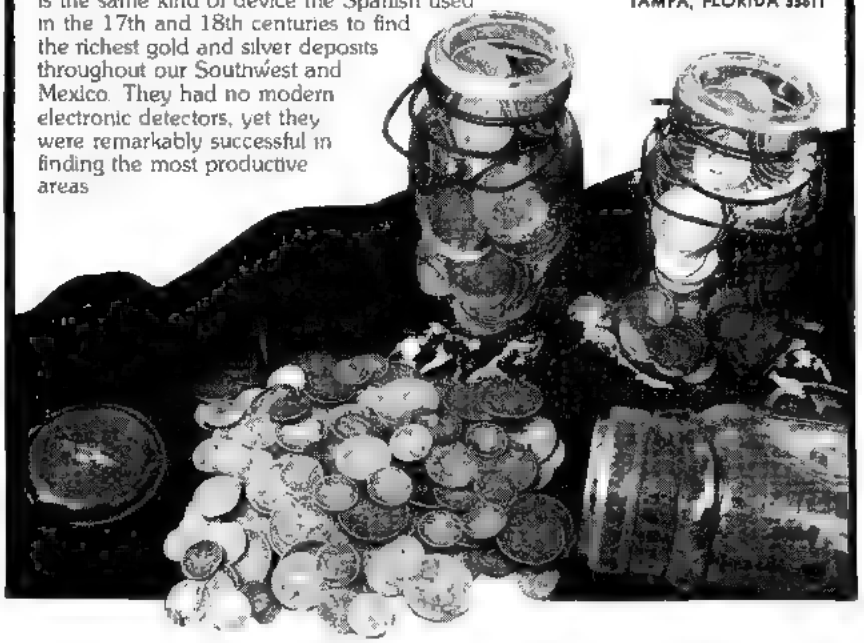

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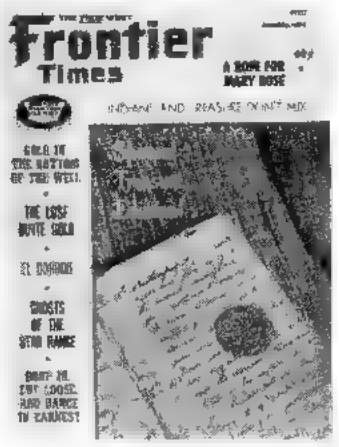

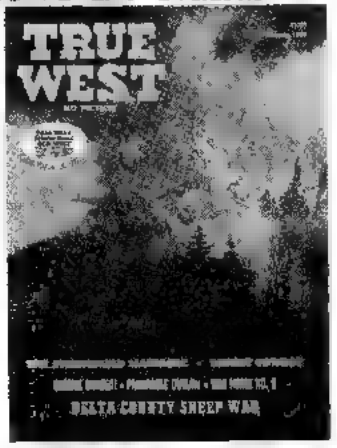

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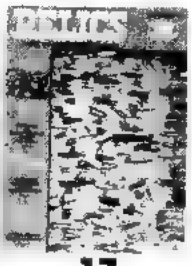
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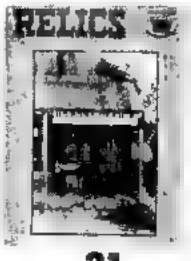

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The Murder of Cadete

(Continued from page 30)

unscrupulous merchants, and thereby signed his own death warrant.

A Mexican interpreter named Juan Cojo, who had been a captive of the Mescaleros for twenty years, was assigned to Cadete and together they rode into Mesilla to appear in court. Cadete testified that illegal whiskey was being sold openly to the Apaches despite laws prohibiting it, and most of it was coming from the village of La Luz. Cadete gave names, dates, places. Much of the illegal firewater was coming from a man named Chavez in La Luz; in fact, he was the only liquor merchant there. Chavez was present during the hearing and seemed more than interested in Cadete's testimony. Later he would deny that he even attended the trial. Cadete's testimony ended on November 7, 1872 and both he and Cojo saddled their horses and rode out of Mesilla bound for the agency. They never arrived.

Cadete's son-in-law, Santana, (not to be confused with Cadete's brother by the same name) anticipated his return and rode toward La Luz to meet him. When Cadete did not put in an appearance, Santana became worried and ventured into La Luz to make inquiries. While there he openly purchased a bottle of whiskey at Chavez's saloon. (Citizens of La Luz later denied they had seen Santana or that he had bought any whiskey. This was a perfect example of the citizens' dislike for federal laws regulating what they could sell and to whom they could sell it.)

On the road to Mesilla, Santana found a blood trail and, fearing the worst, began to follow it. It led eight miles up La Luz Canyon away from the town, where he found Cadete's horse, still saddled, grazing peacefully in the grass near the still body of the dead Apache. The chief's pistols and blankets were untouched and his bridle and saddle remained on his horse. Nothing had been stolen. Cadete had been shot once through the chest and had ridden away from his murderers until he tumbled from the saddle from loss of blood. There was no trace of Juan Cojo.

Santana buried Cadete in the canyon and rode back to Fort Stanton to break the news, then returned to lead the authorities to the spot where he had buried Cadete.

Accusations and suspicions flew. The newspaper *Borderer* carried a statement that Cadete had never appeared in district court (although witnessed by several hundred people and his testimony recorded in court records) but went to Whitewater where he met Santana, and that they went to Fort Stanton then back to La Luz Canyon where his own people killed him. It was an obvious attempt to discredit the Apaches.

ON November 20, 1872 agency officials at Fort Stanton wrote a letter to the *Daily New Mexican* attesting that the facts presented by Santana were correct and that the Apaches were highly agitated over the murder. The braves were cutting their hair and showing feelings of sorrow. It was also rumored that the Mescaleros would wage war to avenge the killing—but they did not; Cadete had taught them well.

Stories circulated about that Juan Cojo had been paid to kill Cadete and then fled the country for Mexico. But Cojo never returned to his wife and family. Cojo's son and another man set out for La Luz in search of his father while another friend went to Manzano and another to Puerto de Luna where Cojo once resided.

Seven days later Cojo's son returned from La Luz with Juan Cojo's blanket, a portion of his shirt, and his coat. He also had, in a sack, the head of his father which had been found near a mound five miles from Whitewater on the road to San Agustin. Cojo's horse had been killed, and was discovered half-buried nearby.

The remainder of the Mexican's body was never located and was assumed to have been buried elsewhere or carried off by wolves. Both coat and shirt were bloodstained on the back but no hole such as a knife blade or bullet would have made was found. It was clear now that Cojo had not been Cadete's executioner but had died by the same hand. They had been ambushed at La Luz. Cadete had fled up the canyon, outrunning his pursuers until he collapsed. The manner of Cojo's death still remains a mystery but it was certain that the head and clothing were deposited in the opposite direction to throw authorities off the track.

No one was ever brought to trial for these cowardly murders, which proved to have been in vain, anyway. Death had silenced Cadete's lips but not his words. It was the beginning of the end for liquor traffic on reservation land. The Apaches held on doggedly until they finally won out. They kept their lands and, just as Cadete had predicted they would, the Mescaleros eventually prospered.

In 1896 the men of the tribe cut their hair short in the manner of the whites, took up white man's clothing, entered 115 children in the boarding school, and discarded their feathers and buckskins. They soon leased grazing lands to local

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"

ranchers for a fee, started a timber business and a sawmill, and leased timber cutting permits to other individuals. Lands were fenced and plowed, grain and sheep sold into neighboring markets, and by 1900 the tribe was self-supporting. Their Red Hat firefighters became famous all over the country and were called in on all major forest fires in the Southwest.

In time they constructed a motel, restaurant, gas station, picnic and recreational facilities, and leased them out. They had started out with 463,000 acres of land and had kept it. Much of their prosperity they owed to Cadete for he had been the first to say, "We will accept the white man's ways. We will farm as he has taught us; we will follow his many regulations, no matter how harsh they might be, and we will allow no one to push us from these lands. In the end we will win." And they did.

The Only Conchita

(Continued from page 18)

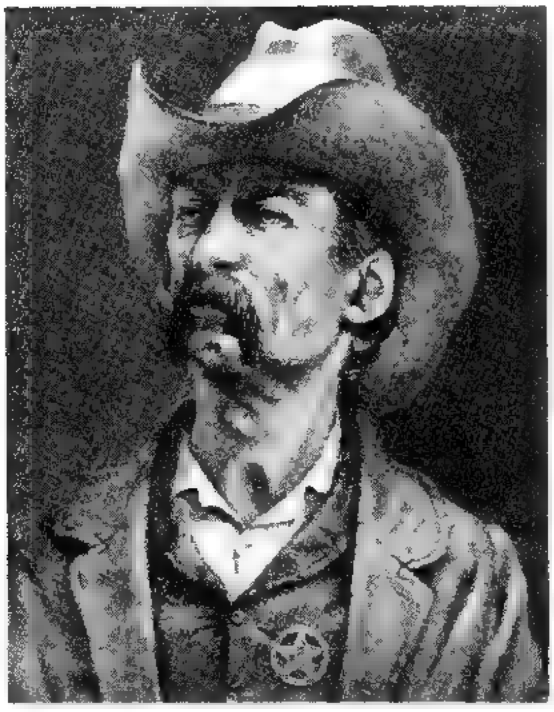
The first time I saw Conchita, I was so young I had no way of knowing what sort of impression she was making upon me. I had never been to a theatre or any big gathering. I had no way of understanding anyone waving their arms and making loud melodious noises while other people just sat, then clapped their hands together all at one time.

My mother had gone to a community entertainment where Conchita sang and recited. I just stared and wondered. I had no real idea what it meant to see a person act as strangely as a dramatic actress does when performing. But I did remember her even after Conchita, the actress, very quickly ceased to exist and the highly loved, respected and rather quiet, retiring Mrs. Shaw took her place. I never remember seeing or hearing of Mrs. Shaw taking any active dramatic part again.

Hugh Shaw was a few years older than I was, but we attended the same country school. He was four or five grades ahead of me. One day when I fell off a swing on the playground and was knocked unconscious it was Hugh who carried me into the schoolhouse where I greatly relieved everybody by blinking a couple of times, then sitting up and insisting on going out to play again.

Hugh's father was unable to sit quietly in retirement. The old urge of show business was strong. Soon a deal was made by which one corner of the Shaw property was deeded to an organization to become known as The Colby Athletic Club. A new and better hall was built than the town had ever known. Nobody ever called him Mister Shaw; generally it was just Leo or, more affectionately, "Dad" Shaw. He enrolled local boys in his athletic work and taught them acrobatics. Several teams went on into the entertainment field and made good.

The Colby Athletic Club Hall was used for community dances, basket socials and gatherings of various kinds, even as a polling place in national elections. Conchita and her Leo lived many happy years in Colby, not as celebrities but just



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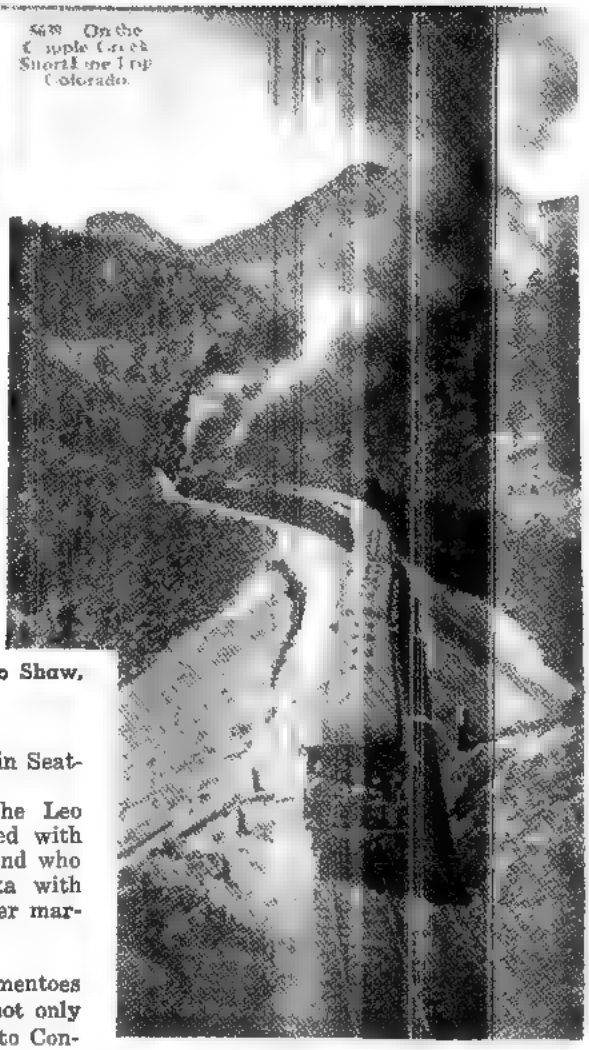
Folder of J. B. Shaw's "Silver Plate Circus." It was created and founded by Leo Shaw, Conchita's husband.



Train to Cripple Creek, Colorado where Conchita performed.

plain Mrs. Shaw and Dad Shaw, good neighbors to everyone.

TRAGEDY, of course, was merely waiting in the wings, and in 1918 struck in the form of an automobile accident in which "Little Joe, the smallest clown," was killed.

A few years later, in the middle-twenties, Mrs. Shaw came home one evening from the steamer landing and found Dad Shaw sitting in his usual chair. He did not get up. The old trouper was dead. A while later, the Colby Athletic Hall burned.

I moved to Montana and my mother was left alone. Conchita was alone, also. They visited each other frequently and reminisced.

Conchita has been dead for more than thirty years and, with her, died an era. She lies in the quiet tree-shaded cemetery at Harper, near South Colby, Washington and her grave is covered with a large thick slab of concrete, which also shelters her husband, Leo Shaw, son Joe, daughter Emily Reese, and Joaquin Carlos Bacigalupi, a brother. The third and youngest child, Hugh, still lived in Seattle the last I heard.

Joaquina, who was one of the Leo Sisters at Butte and who helped with Little Joe when he was a child and who raised Emily and toured Alaska with her, is buried elsewhere under her married name of Higgans.

AMONG the theatrical mementoes which I inherited are clues, not only to show business as a whole but to Conchita herself.

Theatre managers made their own agreements with individual performers or groups. Morosco's Theatre, on Howard between Third and Fourth in San Francisco, left no doubt as to what management expected of an actor. It was printed right on company stationery—in small print, but very legible and headed "PLEASE READ CAREFULLY." There is not room for all details but in part it stated:

SALARY

State your very lowest salary at once, as management desires to come to an immediate decision . . . yes or no.

CONDITIONS

By mutual consent the members will refrain from singing in barrooms or places of like nature—the penalty being one week's salary forfeited for each offense.

NOTICE

It is expected of each and every artist engaged at this theatre to make themselves generally useful, such as doing dramas, acts, etc., besides doing their specialty which they engage for, should it be necessary; and the Manager would furthermore wish them to *distinctly* understand that he considers their services belong to him from the rise of the curtain till the dropping of the same during each performance given while they are engaged. Artists accepting engagements consent to be governed by these rules and all other rules of the establishment without further contract. . . .

Morosco and Byrnes, however, could demonstrate utmost friendship and cooperation in recommendations, as witness the following letter dated on their stationery in San Francisco January 31, 1887:

To Managers Generally

M'Dlle Conchita having met with great success while playing at our theatre, we can cheerfully recommend her as a vocalist of the first order, capable of filling any position in the role of singing soubrette, etc. Her style and action is superb and she can not fail.

The grave of Conchita; her husband, Leo Shaw; their son, "Joe" Joaquin Shaw and daughter, Emily Shaw Reese; and her brother, Joaquin Carlos Bacigalupi at Harper, near South Colby, Washington.

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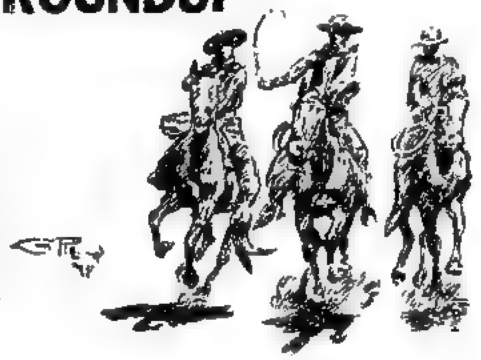

GREAT HISTORY

Profoundly researched and beautifully written, *Fire and Blood, A History of Mexico*, (MacMillan Publishing Company, $12.95) by T. R. Fehrenback brings the history of our nearest Latin neighbor within reach of numerous laymen, scholars and researchers. The book provides a definitive treatise of the Mexican Indian community with its violent origins, turbulent administrations, present quiescence and attempt at democratic government. Southern Mexico, once the scene of immense industrialization and brilliant architecture, fell into ruin under the destructive reign of Montezuma and his infamous predecessors. The subjugated Indios suffered under the cruelest regime of terror ever imposed upon members of the human race through sacrifice and heathen idolatry. Cortez and his Spanish soldiers modified the fiendish native practices but imposed Spanish culture and religion at swordpoint. Successive forms of imperialism followed under Maximillian, Santa Anna and others who fattened at the expense of the indigenous poor. Cardenas introduced the Marxist *ejido* system where the government appropriated the large estates of *ricos* and subdivided them among the poor. Landowners and capitalists were excluded from a power base in the Cardenas regime. The new agrarian bureaucracy knew little about business management, farming or marketing. The Cardenas system failed. Mexico is still an emerging nation which is making favorable progress. Highly recommended.

RANCHERO!

The Machados & Rancho La Ballona (Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, $30) by Sister Mary Ste. Therese Wittenburg is the story of Ranchero Jose Augustin Antonio Machado and his land, now a part of Metropolitan Los Angeles. Machado was born at Santa Barbara in 1794 but the family moved to Los Angeles (population 315) in 1797. Cattle raising was an important enterprise in the village and Machado was running cattle on the Rancho San Pedro as early as 1810. About 1820 Augustin Machado, his brother Ygnacio, Felipe Talamantes and his son Tomas, received permission to graze their cattle in the small valley of Paso de la Carretas but generally known as "Ballona." The author sketches the career of Augustin as cattle, horse and sheep rancher, grape grower, wine maker, horse trader and as a participant in civic affairs during the Mexican era and through the early years of U. S. statehood. There is much on the confirmation of the title to the land (granted by Mexico in 1839). The case was finally settled in 1873 but none of the four original grantees were around to enjoy the clear title (Machado died in 1865). The book is enhanced by a frontispiece portrait of Machado, four maps, numerous footnotes and a bibliography. It was expertly produced by Saul & Lillian Marks at the Plantin Press in an edition of 325 numbered copies signed by the author. This is an important contribution to the history of the Los Angeles area and an appropriate memorial to one of California's pioneer *rancheros*.

MOUNTAIN MEN

Give Your Heart to the Hawks, A Tribute to the Mountain Men, (Nash Publishing, $8.95) by Winfred Blevins gives a reader a quick appraisal of the life and times of the American fur trapper. The book reads like a novel and the author usurps the novelist's prerogative of putting words into the mouths of the people being written about. The book will appeal to a group less interested in digging history from heavier documented versions on the subject. Typical mountain man history is dealt with but emphasis is given to the lives of Jed Smith, Jim Bridger and Tom Fitzpatrick who were leaders in engineering fur trapping commerce with Indians and white frontiersmen. We were surprised to find missing from the bibliography the studious works on mountain men by LeRoy Hafen and Alter's fine book on Jim Bridger. The folklore about Hugh Glass being abandoned to die by Jim Bridger is given a highly glossed finish. Alter, a knowledgable historian, discounts the popular legend. The author takes liberties with facts in the following accounts: 1. In describing a trapper's attempts to start a sagebrush fire in a howling blizzard, he reports that one of the men finally found a kernel-sized live coal from the previous night's fire, tossed it into a pile of sagebrush and was rewarded by little flames spurting up. Not even a cub scout would buy it. 2. "The mountain men and Indian alike ate almost nothing but buffalo meat," is a sad misstatement of fact. Much of the time mountain men and Indians of the Rockies, Sierra, and Southwest were out of buffalo country and ate many kinds of game and plant roots and seeds.

MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

Your Passport to the Gunnison Country, (Page Books, Gunnison, Colorado, $2.00) by Charles A. Page brought back many pleasant memories to this reviewer who has seen the country many times. A folksy booklet, its pages mingle the present with the country's romantic past. We remember the pretentious LaVeta Hotel with only one suite with a bathtub. A sign said guests would be given free meals and lodging any day the sun didn't shine. The sun always peaked through once each day when we stayed there! Charley Page's booklet should entice readers to visit Gunnison country with its excellent fishing, mountain scenery, historic mines, towns, ranches and buildings. There are many places and sidetrips for the outdoorsman to explore. Some of them are Blue Mesa, Cebolla, Chipeta, Cochetopa, Escalante, Los Pinos, Ouray, Powderhorn, Saguache, Slumgullion Pass, Sapinero, Tin Cup, Tomichi and Uncompahgre. Charley Page claims that in Gunnison country there is room to shout.

MANHUNT

The La Salle memorial in the Indianola, Texas State Park looks out over Matagorda Bay which the French explorer thought was the mouth of the Mississippi River. La Salle and a group of shipmates established Fort St. Louis on Matagorda Bay as a beachhead for French domination of the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi River. On his overland journey to Canada, he was killed by a traitor in his own ranks. *Wilderness Manhunt, The Spanish Search for La Salle*, (University of Texas Press, $8.50) by Robert S. Weddle gives an account of Spain's frantic land and seahunt to find La Salle's fort somewhere along the sandy gulf coast. Spanish military leaders undertook six expeditions by land and five by sea to locate the French fort. They covered coastal areas from Florida Keys to Tampico, as well as the bayous of Florida, Alabama and Texas and went on many wild goose chases when misled by rumors handed to them by coastal Indians. Not until April, 1689 did General Alfonso de Leon find the ruins of Fort St. Louis. Only a few Indians remained. The French had succumbed either to disease or to arrows of the vicious Karankawa Indians. Then the Spanish took colonizing more seriously than they had in the past and established posts to hold the land against intruders. Good Texana.

GUN BIBLE

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(Continued on page 66)

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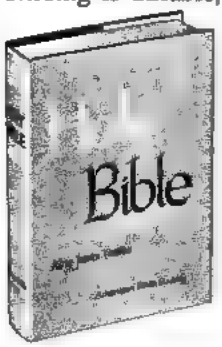

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SEE PAGE 40

The Summer OLD WEST goes on sale April 1.

Assault on the Heavens

(Continued from page 19)

fice, suggested that the balloons be inflated with a highly explosive mixture of hydrogen and oxygen and detonated by electrical wires and by time fuses, instead of carrying dynamite.

Named commander of the project, he tested his idea at a friend's farm near Washington by exploding five twelve-foot balloons. Spectators likened the noise to the firing of six-inch guns on a battleship. Fish in a nearby creek died from shock, and someone said cattle stampeded. One demolished balloon showered the earth with gold sparks. No rain fell, however.

Still hopeful, Texans awaited the general's arrival. Dyrenforth, for his initial campaign to be held in Andrews County, planned three battle lines two miles long and half a mile apart: the first line to consist of heavy charges of dynamite and rackarock, an explosive powder; the second, kites bearing dynamite cartridges; the third, explosive balloons.

His theory was based on two atmospheric layers, one hot, the other cold, covering the earth. Noise disturbing the lower equatorial current would cause it to mix with the upper polar current, thus jarring free the moisture present.

Dyrenforth's second-in-command was John T. Ellis, a tall, bespectacled professor from Oberlin College, Ohio. Other expedition members included Edward Powers, author of a popular book, *War and the Weather;* George E. Casler, balloon maker and aeronaut; Professor George E. Curtis, a frankly skeptical meteorologist from the Smithsonian Institution; and Dr. Claud O. O. Rosell, a patent office chemist who would come center stage on the final expedition.

The party arrived by rail in Midland on August 5. They loaded apparatus into several freight wagons and two days later reached their destination at C Ranch, twenty-three miles west of town. Owner Nelson Morris of Chicago extended the hospitality of the ranch house, the facilities of the property, and the aid of some twenty cowboys.

ALL of West Texas was dry. Midland had suffered an eighteen-months drought. To the southeast, Menardville Baptists were praying for rain in a protracted meeting.

Area ranchers were undoubtedly im pressed by Dyrenforth, whose field clothes included cavalry boots and a sun helmet. Although the Easterners immediately felt ill from what they believed were the unpleasant effects of the region's drinking water, they gamely set up their extensive equipment. Everybody took a hand in the kite making. Then the scientists soldered together a gasoline stove, necessary to produce the gas for the balloons.

With the first firing up of the stove, the solder melted and the stove exploded. "Scientific trick, wasn't it?" Commented a local observer.

As soon as the first balloon was inflated, the general faced a mutiny. Nobody wanted to light the fuse. Finally, Dr. Rosell did the honors. The cowboys struggled in high winds to hold onto the balloons and the big, cloth-covered kites,

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which frequently sailed away unfettered, carrying their deadly cargo. Maintaining the air operation on the gusty plains was, admitted Dyrenforth, like "arguing with a bucking bronco."

He did manage to fire the ground batteries almost daily in order to keep the weather in "an unsettled state." He had intended for the cowboys to dig holes for the rackarock, but they preferred to use prairie dog burrows. Some charges were tied to mesquite trees.

THE FIRST full-scale assault opened on the evening of August 17 with twelve hours of balloon explosions and ground fire. All three lines saluted a clear dawn. At 5 p.m. a drenching rain forced expedition members and observers to shelter. The jubilant Dyrenforth drove into Midland over six miles of flooded road.

But Curtis recorded only .02", the only measurable amount to fall on the ranch proper during the entire project and old-timers claimed that such late afternoon showers were common in August.

At 11 a.m. August 25, Dyrenforth signaled an attack on a cloudless day. By 3:30 p.m. humidity measured 16%; the wind was blowing at 18.8 miles an hour and a few scattered cumulus clouds floated about two and a half miles above the battlefield. Friendly cowboys advised postponing the operation to a more likely day.

Undaunted, Dyrenforth fired 200 pounds of rackarock and 150 pounds of dynamite. He launched and exploded seven balloons. Late that night the party retreated to bed. About 3 a.m. nature answered fire with a roll of thunder. Clouds advanced from the north and west and pelted the ranch with light showers. A dawn rainbow declared truce.

Dyrenforth claimed a victory that extended over most of West Texas. Curtis pointed out that showers had been predicted for that day anyway. While local ranchers were grateful, some of them were still laughing. In fact, forty-four area residents signed a statement that the experiment as a scientific attempt to produce rain was inconclusive. It nearly always rained in August.

DYRENFORTH next accepted an expense-paid offer from El Paso, a city enduring its driest summer in eleven years. He dispatched Ellis and the expedition forces to El Paso, while he himself, for unknown reasons, returned to Washington.

The bombardiers were welcomed by a crowd, including the governor of Chihuahua and interested delegations from Duval County and the San Antonio Commercial Exchange. At a reception a skit depicted the slicker-clad rainmakers firing rockets and getting drenched by a hose-produced rain. The little show delighted Ellis.

On the morning of September 17, explosive-laden burros climbed Mount Franklin in preparation for the siege. Later, Ellis made a beautiful weather-balloon ascension to measure humidity. A group of awed Mexican-Americans believed that the balloon man was petitioning God for rain.

The next day, with a humidity reading of 14%, Ellis ordered a nine-and-a-half-hour bombardment which rattled crockery on housewives' shelves. Soldiers from Fort Bliss manned dynamite and rackarock lines on the mesa near the city and on the mountain. From an arroyo Ellis released ten balloons.

Clouds built up over the Sierra Madre. That night rain fell copiously fifteen miles east of the city and in northern Chihuahua in Mexico. Ellis believed his rain clouds had escaped, leaving only a heavy evening dew which, said residents, was unusual at least.

At the invitation of South Texas ranchers, the rainmakers scheduled their next test near San Diego in Duval County, rainless for fourteen months. Added to the party were Lieutenant S. A. Dyer and ten soldiers from Fort Bliss. It turned out to be the expedition's most gala campaign.

Travel expenses were courtesy of the railroad, which often sponsored rainmaking efforts during this period of land development. On a stopover in San Antonio, the town's citizens, still fascinated by the possibility of tests in their own city, welcomed the rainmakers at the depot and showed them the sights. San Antonio had written Washington for information concerning a do-it-yourself bombardment. The city was raising money to that end and had already constructed ten balloons in an empty store downtown. But San Antonio was to wait a year before its chance to blast for rain.

The crew was delayed in Corpus Christi for a week—by rain and mud. Duval County residents now advised the rainmakers to bring umbrellas to keep from drowning. During a brief clearing on September 26, Ellis put on a demonstration a mile west of Corpus Christi. Three volleys, each consisting of four 21-pound bombs, were followed by showers. Ellis said he just wanted to show Texans how easy rainmaking was.

By October 1 the expedition was setting up camp two miles north of San Diego. Local young folks treated them to a round of socials, to which the men gallantly responded. The first Sunday evening, at the request of the San Diego lyceum, two enlisted men, one dressed as a Comanche, performed feats of horsemanship to enthusiastic applause.

The first rainmaking test, scheduled for October 6, attracted hundreds of observers, many of whom paid half-fare for the rail trip from Corpus Christi. Unfortunately, a norther blew in and postponed the demonstration. Instead, the party initiated the camp in impressive ceremonies. A red danger flag was hoisted, guns fired, and a photograph was made. Then a large white flag emblazoned with "Camp Edward Powers" was raised by a local belle and Lieutentent Dyer in full dress uniform. Another photograph was taken and a salutatory explosion shook the ground.

On October 16 Ellis set off a seventy-two-hour bombardment with a ground or balloon explosion about every ten seconds. Dawn brought the heaviest dew anyone had ever seen in those parts. The men, now taking headache medicine, fired on and on into a cloudless, moonlit sky. Spectators were betting baskets of champagne on the outcome. About 1 a.m., Octo-

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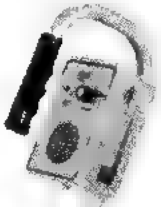

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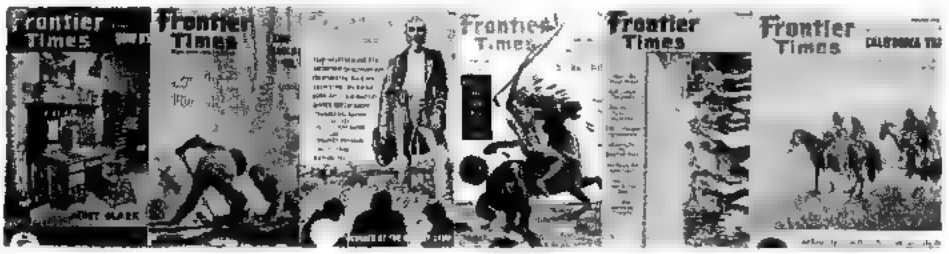

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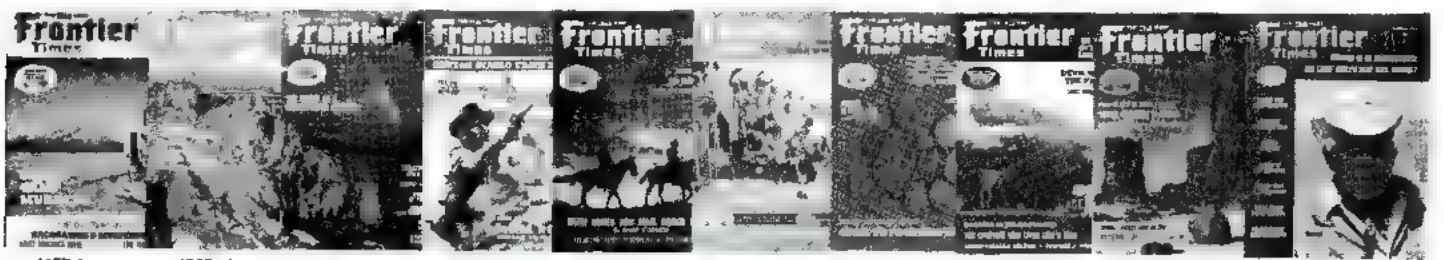

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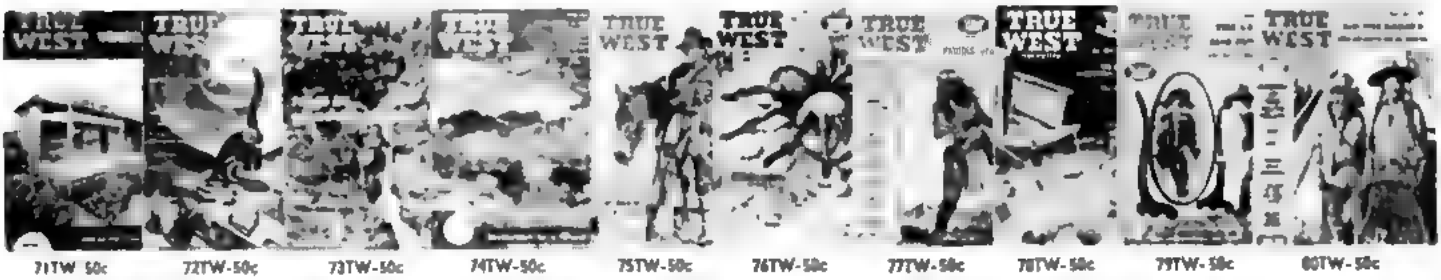

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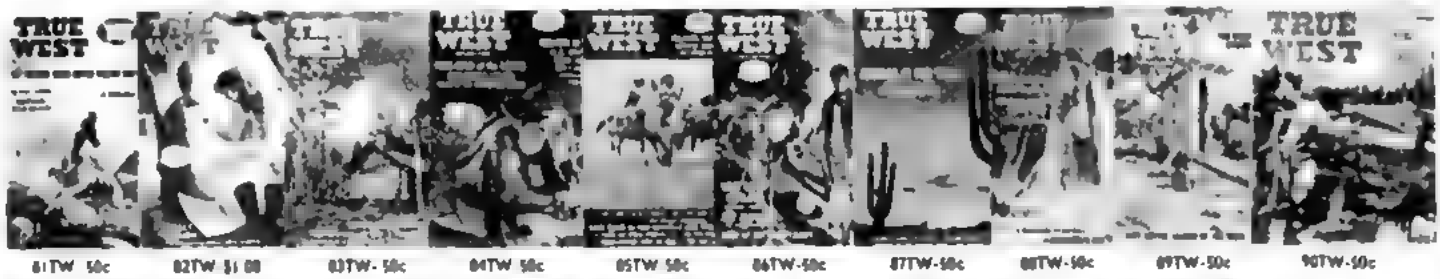

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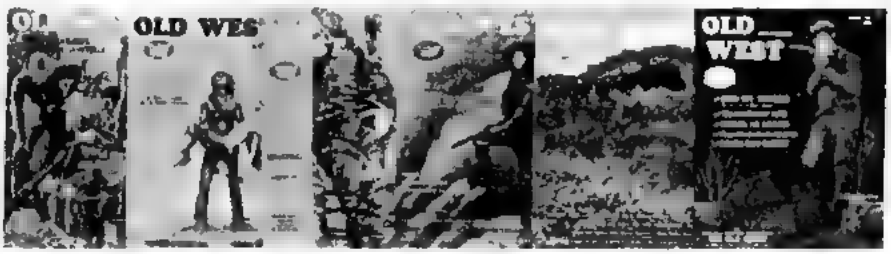

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her 18, lightning-flecked clouds appeared in the north. An early morning rain drenched everyone.

"Just enough to lay the dust," reported residents of San Diego. But a few ranchers in the area gloried in a rain worth "half a million" to them.

THE SAN DIEGO and C Ranch successes, despite unscientific methods, had primed Congress for financial backing in 1892. By the fall of that year, Dyrenforth had additional funding as well as new ideas. Dakota, Kansas and Texas landowners matched a $10,000 Congressional appropriation, and San Antonio subscribed $2,000, this time winning the bid for host city.

Dr. Rosell had invented a new explosive, rosellite. Dyrenforth had discovered a substitute for the varnished muslin balloons—paper bags, thirty feet long and five feet in diameter, to be inflated with carbonated vapor. Both of these explosives were cheaper and safer than those used in the first experiments.

With several hundred balloons of both types and ten tons of explosives, Dyrenforth, his daughter Ethel, Dr. Rosell, Ellis, and party sailed on the steamer *Concho* from New York to Galveston. By November 15, Dyrenforth, quartered in San Antonio, was consulting dozens of maps and accepting speaking engagements.

He abhorred the popular title, "rainmaker," because of the rain wizards prevalent on the High Plains at that time. He preferred to call his Texas expedition a "cold-blooded experiment." Already, he worried about the rainmaking method falling into dangerous hands. Republicans, for instance, might create rain on election day to keep Democrats away from the polls! "The rain should be caused to fall on the just and the unjust alike," he intoned to reporters. He suggested that rainmakers qualify through civil service examinations.

From the roof of the Argyle Hotel he surveyed Alamo Heights with field glasses and selected an elevation north of the hotel for the rainmakers' new site, Camp Farwell. One skeptical observer was Alexander Macfarlane, professor of physics at the University of Texas. He received personal attention from Dyrenforth, who told him, "The first thing I have to do with gentlemen of your kind is to convince you that we are not a party of cranks."

As a preliminary test on November 21, a few five-pound sticks of explosives were tied to a mesquite tree and ignited. The effect was spectacular. The tree was annihilated, window panes were shattered, and three hours later rain was reported in Laredo, 100 miles west. Dyrenforth's supporters claimed that concussion waves just had time to travel from San Antonio to Laredo.

Nonplused, Macfarlane wrote in his journal: "The general evidently had the idea that the wind carries away concussion as it does smoke . . . entirely false."

The festive atmosphere continued throughout the week. Dr. Rosell demonstrated his new explosive to any curious group of spectators, including one headed by Texas Governor James Hogg who in-

errupted a fishing trip to Rockport to inspect the camp. Rosell even helped a San Antonian blast out a water well. On Thanksgiving Day a group of officers and their ladies visited the camp. Some of the women pressed a dynamo which set off explosions. "We are making history!" they cried.

ON FRIDAY after morning showers had cleared— a full-scale experiment began. Filling the paper balloon took an hour; numerous holes had to be patched with gummed paper. At sunset, overseeing the bombardment from the hotel roof, Dyrenforth called to Macfarlane to note the wind change. Macfarlane failed to see how explosions would effect this.

At 10 p.m. Dyrenforth saw lightning flashes; Macfarlane observed only reflections from the explosions. At 10:45 a mist began to fall. When this ceased an hour later, both Dyrenforth and Macfarlane retired, to be aroused at 1:30 a.m. by the patter of rain. Dyrenforth threw open this window and shouted, "Hurry up, boys," to the men who were filling a balloon. The balloon rose, exploded, and the rain stopped.

Macfarlane gauged a total of .01". Dyrenforth claimed the more substantial rains which fell elsewhere that night.

A final test, to use up the remaining explosives, began at 8:15 p.m. on November 30. At 11:30 p.m. clouds formed, the wind changed, then changed again and blew the clouds away. Just about dawn, when supplies had been exhausted, a light shower fell.

The out of-state backers quietly caught the train home. Macfarlane had tried earlier to point out the theory's fallacies to one of them. "He would not argue the question with me; there was too much money sunk in it."

Dyrenforth and his supporters were not alone in their belief in the noise theory. In 1911 C. W. Post launched a three-season, $50,000 blasting campaign to water his Garza County ranch. The only tangible results of these explosions are the firing chimneys still buried along the rim of the Caprock

Folks speak admiringly of Post, the innovator and colonizer; but if they recall Dyrenforth at all, it is usually because of the nickname, "General Dryhenceforth."

Jekyll-Hyde

(Continued from page 28)

well did not own the townsite, he couldn't give deeds to the property, but he did issue what he called Certificates, which promised that if and when the area was opened to settlement by U.S. citizens, a deed would be given to the purchaser.

All unallotted land at that time was owned in severalty, by the citizens of the Cherokee Nation, and Indian officials took a dim view of Blackwell's business dealings—which didn't deter him in the least. Blackwell continued to beat the drums for the City of David. He started a newspaper, *David Progress*, which was the mouthpiece for his grandiose schemes. Lots were sold and construction was started on several houses. At one time there were at least forty dwellings on the townsite, all of which had to be built,

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The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas

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however, in the names of Cherokee citizens.

There was a bank, and unsuccessful attempts were made to secure a post office. But handbills advertising "The Only Town In The Cherokee Nation Where a U.S. Citizen Can Build" continued to plaster the Territory.

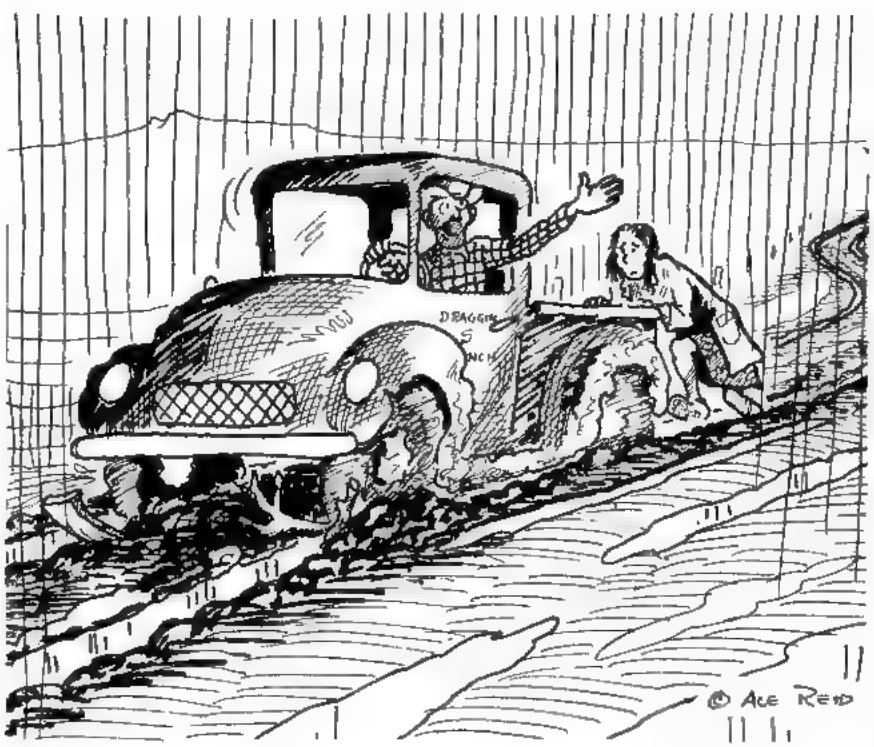
A contract was entered into with Summer Brothers to provide 500,000 bricks to be used solely in the City of David. On May 14 the *David Progress* gleefully announced that "David now has lime of her own making. Joe Flowers has made a lime kiln on the townsite and can make 100 barrels per week. The Colonel has contracted to take it all, which is to be used exclusively in the City of David. It can be sold cheaper here in small quantities than can be had by shipping it here in car load lots. The limestone is of a fine bluish colour, and Mr. Flowers who is an experienced man in this line says that it makes the finest white lime on the market. He is now burning a 100 barrel kiln which is to be finished this week. As soon as this is finished he will start another one."

IT WAS late in the fall of 1894 that Blackwell decided he wanted to be a preacher. He advertised in a St. Louis, Missouri newspaper for a typist who could also take shorthand, to write out and report his sermons. A young man named David Dickey answered the advertisement and was hired. Blackwell confided to Dickey that he had been a very bad man in his lifetime, but that he now felt the call to preach. Blackwell offered his services to the minister at Chelsea, but the minister prevailed upon him to wait until he could be properly ordained before he began his ministry. This wait would require about six months. Blackwell agreed to the postponement, but insisted that when the six months had ended he would launch a world-shaking evangelistic program.

Meantime the City of David was continuing to grow, and becoming more and more a thorn in the flesh to Cherokee authorities. About the 9th of December, they charged Blackwell with treason against the Cherokee Nation for having sold improved Cherokee land to noncitizens. He was arrested by the Indian police and imprisoned in Claremore.

Here the story becomes muddled. Blackwell charged that he was thrown into the Cherokee dungeons, which were nothing more than a series of caves just outside the city. He was chained hand and foot, he said, and lived on bread and water for a week. His flowing red hair and beard were clipped, and he became infested with lice. According to Blackwell he was questioned for several hours by the sub-chief Ohaha in an attempt to obtain a confession. After the questioning and Blackwell's refusal to confess, he was taken to the "Needles," a small enclosure for recalcitrant prisoners. There he was jabbed in the body with rusty needles by ten Indians who danced around him and yelled, "Ki-yi" each time they jabbed. Bruised and bleeding, he was returned to the cave and again bound hand and foot. Eventually through the intervention of friends and officials of the U. S. Government, Blackwell was released.

Cherokee officials stated that Blackwell was not only guilty of treason, but was a chronic liar, and that his story was the fabrication of a demented man. (At least part of what Blackwell told was suspect, as he was seen a very short time later, still with a full beard and flowing hair.)



"Rain like this makes everybody happy."

In January of the following year the Colonel was in Washington, D. C. to file suit in the Federal Court against the Cherokee Nation for $250,000, and against the sheriff for $50,000. The Blackwell family created quite a stir in Washington social circles.

Upon Blackwell's return to the Cherokee Nation, he was again arrested and charged with selling an improved lot to David Santee, a citizen of the United States. His trial began on February 11, 1895 with the Honorable Jess Cochran presiding. If the charge of treason could be proven against Blackwell, he could be executed by shooting, according to the laws of the Cherokee Nation.

Blackwell was ably defended by the law firm of Alberti and Norwood. The principal matter that the Court was forced to decide was the question of Blackwell's citizenship. It is true that he had no Indian blood in his veins, but he had married a Cherokee citizen and thereby claimed the rights accrued to the Cherokees. Blackwell, his wife, and his son appeared on the official rolls of the Cherokee Nation for 1890, yet only a few days before the trial the Cherokee Nation had refused to issue permits to Blackwell to hire some workmen at the town of David because he was a citizen of the United States.

Blackwell's lawyers used every trick they knew to get the case thrown out. The Cherokee Nation had no right to try Blackwell, they argued, as he was not a Cherokee citizen. By her own testimony, Rosa Blackwell had been married previously and had never secured a divorce from her first husband, so it was impossible for her to contract a legal marriage to Blackwell.

Notwithstanding the impassioned pleas made by the lawyer for the defense, Blackwell was found guilty. The sentence, however, was relatively light. He was fined $300 and admonished by the Court to cease selling improved property to noncitizens.

BLACKWELL retaliated a week later by announcing to the world that he was beginning construction on a building at David to house a museum of the history of the Indian religion. Work was actually started on the building, and a few weeks later the *David Progress* stated that the $130,000 project was progressing nicely.

The newspaper also carried a personal item in May 1896 which stated that James Blackwell of Chickla, Arkansas, brother of A. J. Blackwell, had been in town the previous week on business, and that he was expected to start operation of a large store in David in the near future.

Blackwell then undertook the opening of some coal mines near the city. Some coal was actually delivered to the city of Blackwell for less than $2 per ton. It had previously been costing more than $3 per ton.

When pilfering became a problem in the new town, Blackwell organized a vigilante group but produced no spectacular results. Even the newspaper, which he owned but no longer edited, took a friendly jab at the vigilantes. In the January 20, 1896 issue was the rhyme:

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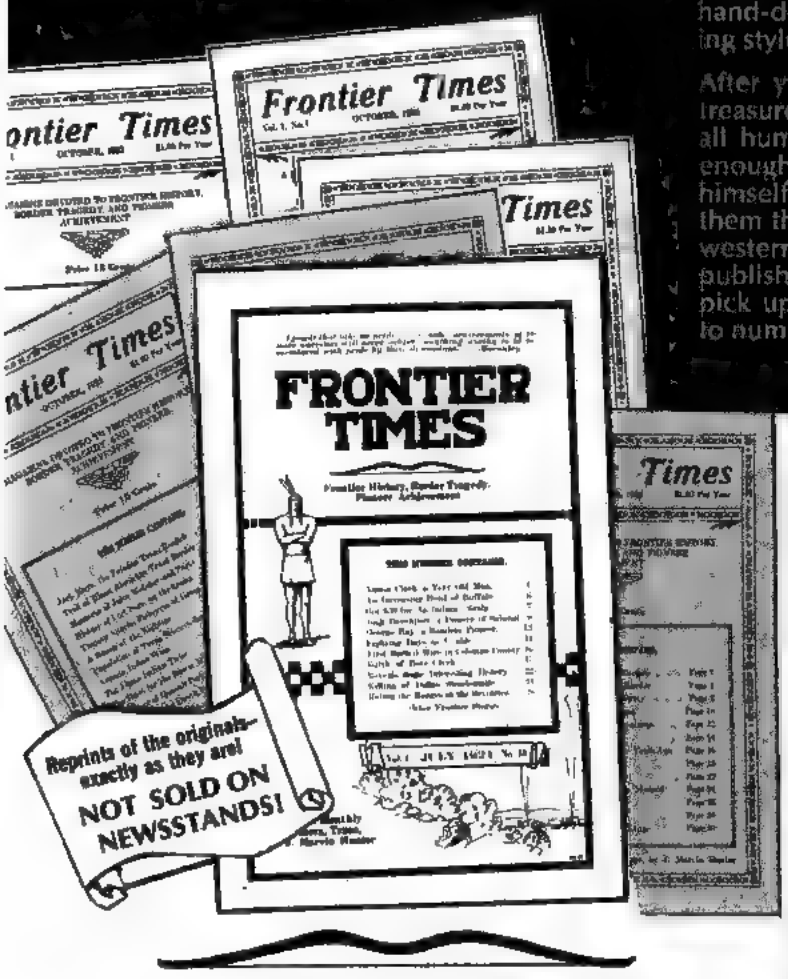

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The February, 1925 Issue Contains:

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Yes, up in David, where the bright moon shines;
And the shadows in magic serpentine twines;
That's where they watch through the long still night,
For the hand that purloins without any right.

A marshalling, shivering, silent and bold,
But they stay in the house, the nights are so cold;
But silently peep, they squint and they leer,
The marauders come not, they know they are there.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPUNK

In 1902 Blackwell was still shouting the praises of the City of David, but in April of that year the *Daily Oklahoman*, one of the more conservative newspapers of the Territory, carried an article on the front page which boldly stated: "COLONEL BLACKWELL INSANE."

This was shortly after Blackwell had filed charges against Miss Effie Wdick, a teacher, for punishing one of Blackwell's sons. She was acquitted of the charge of assault and battery with intent to do bodily harm, but the Colonel left immediately for Wichita in hopes of having her indicted in Federal Court.

A short time before this incident, Blackwell had joined every church in the city of Chelsea, announcing that he had twice been dead and returned to life, with the admonition to join all churches possible, and to warn people of their transgressions.

IN OCTOBER 1902, Blackwell jubilantly announced a railroad company had been formed to build a road from Blackwell through David, southeastward to the Gulf. John Beatty, a civil engineer from Blackwell, was in charge of a survey which started in both directions from David. On October 27 Blackwell drove the first spike to officially inaugurate construction of the new road. Reportedly, thousands watched the ceremonies.

Although some work was actually started on the proposed railroad, it was never completed. On June 22, 1903 Blackwell died of pneumonia and was buried in the old family lot at Chelsea, not far from the place where he defied the Cherokee Nation by starting a townsite.

After the Cherokee Nation was opened to settlers, the land where the City of David had stood became a farm, and the bombastic promotion scheme passed into oblivion. The widow and children of A. J. Blackwell moved to California, where they remained for many years.

Even in death, however, the Colonel remained a controversial figure. There were many who claimed that Blackwell did not die, that another body was buried in his grave, and that the Colonel, due to pressure of many kinds, had merely disappeared. From past events in the Colonel's life, that is possible.

There is no further record of Blackwell's activities, but it is agreed that there were few figures who cut a broader trail through the Cherokee Nation and the Cherokee Strip.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 56)

neous information useful to the gun clan. A fine reference tool and interesting reading for the non-expert. Recommended.

MEXICO'S BIGGEST

A Geographical Survey of Chihuahua (Texas Western Press, $3 00) by Robert H. Schmidt, Jr. is fact-loaded. Dr. Schmidt, Associate Professor of Geography at the University of Texas at El Paso has spent much time in Chihuahua, and this monography (Southwestern Studies No. 37) provides new information about the geography, economics, soils climate, drainage, vegetation, population, wildlife, forests, mines transport and communications in Mexico's largest state. There are maps and tables that save many pages of text in presenting the story of this important cattle country. Recommended.

LOCAL HISTORY

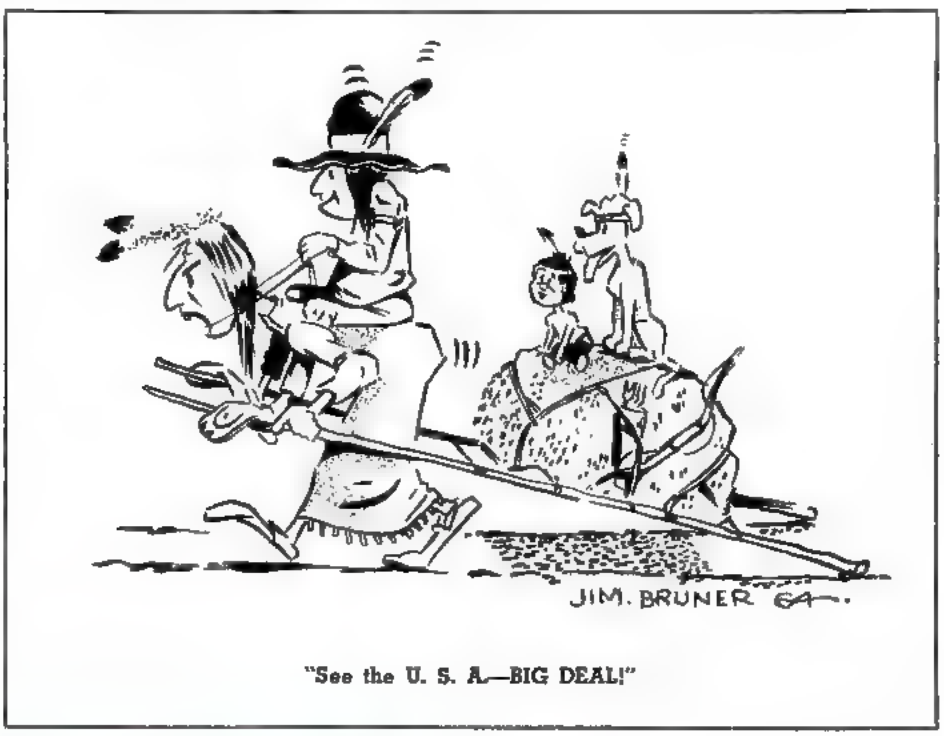
Mountain Villages (The Sunstone Review & Press, P. O. Box 2321, Santa Fe, N. M. 87501, $3.95) is by Alice Bullock, an experienced newspaper writer. Some of the chapters appeared previously in the Santa Fe *New Mexican* and all were researched on site by the author. This reviewer has been privileged to visit a few of these New Mexico villages and Mrs. Bullock has described them well and, as a good reporter should, photographed important landmarks in and near them. Lode Mora, Truchas, Cundiyo, Cerrillos, Chimayo, Velarde, Rociada and Galisteo are among the villages included—excellent local history.

SHOOTIN' DENTIST

Poet, novelist, historian, John Myers Myers wrote an entertaining biography in 1955 entitled *Doc Holliday*. Recently the University of Nebraska Press has reprinted the book in paperback for $1.95. Tales of the homicidal dentist, gambler and pal of Wyatt Earp have been prime copy for western history buffs and movie producers for many years. The author furthers the thesis that Doc was a dead shot and that he and Earp served the course of law and order in a beneficial but self-serving manner. Other more recent writers have raised some doubts about the folklore surrounding Doc's Georgia and Baltimore origin and claim the outlaw-gambler was a poor shot who resorted to a sawed-off shotgun and a knife to compensate for his shortcomings as a *pistolero*. These differences of opinion among historians do not detract from Myers' skill in recounting his own viewpoints about the exploits of the capricious dentist who succumbed to tuberculosis in Colorado while still a comparatively young man.

CAMPER'S GUIDE

Collier Books has reproduced Calvin Rutstrum's standard guide for campers called *The New Way of the Wilderness*, ($2.95). An expert on outdoor camping and living, the author tells the unskilled camper how to travel, what to wear, types of food to take, various methods of camp moving, and most important of all, how to survive. Photographs by the author and excellent detailed sketches by Les Kouba add interest and instruction to the narrative. There are suggestions for those who want to camp a long time in comfort and there are tips on how to travel light for a short outing. Particularly helpful is the section on how to survive when caught without camping equipment and food. An informed man can live on food obtained from numerous animals, reptiles and insects. He can subsist on fruits, nuts, stems, roots, leaves, and inner bark of numerous wild plants. Anyone contemplating camping will find helpful information in this book.



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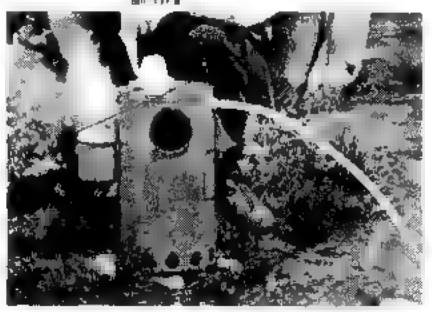

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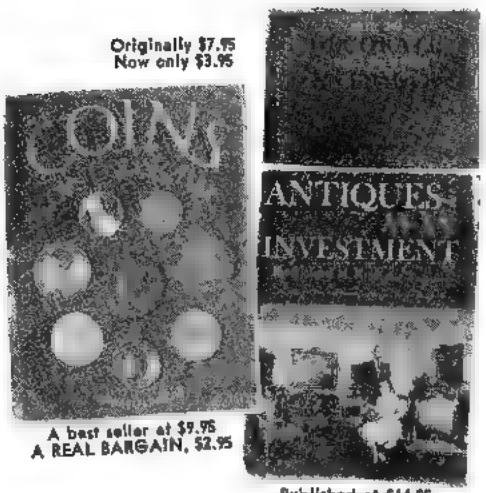

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from Page 49)

any other available information on the Ravel family.—Mary Dukelow, Route 1, Box 44, Olpe, Kansas 66865

Spivey-Sheppard-Cowan-Bigley-Walker

Neadom Spivey, full-blooded Black Dutch, born in Holland, fought with the Union Army during the Civil War. He married Sarah Elizabeth Sheppard born in Mississippi. Children were Ellen, Rachell, Mary Ann, Abby and Addie, Elizabeth, John, George, Shelp and Nathan.

Elizabeth married James David Lowery in Senatobia, Mississippi December 22, 1883. Sarah Emaline Cowan (Cherokee Indian) married Jerry Lee Bigley. Children were Lou Augusta, born March 18, 1871, in Scott County, Arkansas; and Sarah E., second marriage, Robert S. McSpadden. Children were S. D. and Leotta.

Sarah E. Walker was born December 1, 1843 in Alabama. She married James M. Lowery who was a Confederate in the Civil War. Children were Robert, Will, Minnie, James, Lee, Molly and Lena. Would appreciate any information.—Lavonia Burk, 314 East Monica Drive, Garland, Texas 75041

Boylan

I would like to hear from Boylan in Marshalltown, Iowa or Melbourne, Iowa, or Rome, New York. Thomas Boylan married Carrie Wagman March 25, 1881. Ida Boylan was fourteen years old about 1897. She had three sisters, Hazel, Anna and Jessie, one year old in 1891. There was also a brother, Edward. These are some of my close relatives. We have a letter from Ida dated December 20, 1897, when her father passed away.

James Albert was my grandfather. He had four brothers—Mike, William, Ed and Thomas who was the youngest (forty-five in 1897). My grandfather, James Albert, came here from Omaha, Nebraska and homesteaded in 1901. My father's name was also James Albert. He was born in Iowa in 1880 and died in 1954. There were four of us: Mike, Frank, a sister Myrtle, and I. I would like to hear from some of these people.—Tom Boylan, Box 112, Newkirk, New Mexico 88431

Boxley-Boudinier-Jackson-Copar-Johnson

We are interested in corresponding with anyone having information about my great-great-grandfather, Victor Boudinier. Victor came to the United States from France, married Elizabeth Copar and had two children, Victorine and Frank Boudinier. He married his second wife, Margaret Street, and homesteaded in St. Clair County, Missouri, later moving to Houston, Texas where they operated a rooming house. From Houston, the trail led to southwest Oklahoma and supposedly Victor died. When? Where?

Victorine married James Moses Boxley November 19, 1879. James was the son of Ephriam J. Boxley and Mary Elizabeth Johnson. Who were the parents of Nicholas Daniel Jackson, born September 23, 1856 Nashville, Tennessee and died February 3, 1933 in Jennings, Oklahoma? He married Mary Elizabeth Stilwell. When? Where?—Bob Boxley, 208 North Williams, Columbia, Missouri 65201

Gillard

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows of or has the last name Gillard.—Ross Gillard, R. D. 1, Raglan, Hamilton, North Island, New Zealand

Foster

I would like to hear from anyone who is a descendant of Hugh Akallis Foster, who was born in Wilkes County, North Carolina July 20, 1821. He and a John Foster lived in Coffee County, Tennessee in 1877. Descendants were Mrs. M. M. (Betty) Mobely and Ann C. Watt. Also, any descendants of a John and Isaac Rains who lived in Cocke County, Tennessee in 1810-29.—Norman T. Foster, 2666 W. Mountain Street, Kernersville, North Carolina 27284

Amos

Hazel Evilene Amos married William Blaine Kirby. Hazel died in November 1968. Her father was Charles Arthur Amos who married Mary Simpson. The date of birth and death is unknown.

Charles' father was Crittenden Amos who died February 22, 1900 at the age of fifty-two. His wife is unknown. Crittenden's father was Reuben Amos who died November 19, 1882. He was married to a woman named Osey—last name unknown. She is buried at Honkers Ferry in Butler County, but I do not know what state.

I will appreciate any information from anyone on the above family.—Lisa Guynn, 214 West Esplanade, Louisville, Kentucky 40214

Erwin

I would like to know the whereabouts of the writer by the name of Allen Erwin. He wrote a book on John Slaughter a few years ago. He spent most of his time writing at my home in Hollywood when he was trying to become an actor. I haven't seen him since before he wrote the book. Would like to know where I could get in touch with him. Any help will be appreciated.—Jimmy Walker, 3610 Shadewell Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15227

Cahoon-Stewart

I am seeking information about my great-great-grandfather, Mark Cahoon, born November 16, 1810 in Virginia. My great-grandfather, Marcus C. Cahoon, was born in Benton County, Oregon, August 29, 1849, later moving to Ellensburg, Washington.

My grandfather, Elmer Marcus Cahoon, was born June 22, 1884 in Kittitas County, Washington.

Would also like any information concerning relatives of William and Flora Stewart born in Scotland. They moved to Cooperstown, North Dakota. They had three children; Mary Isabella, born 1890, Ruby and Douglas. Douglas was killed May 19, 1917 in World War I.

Am especially interested in Mark Ca-

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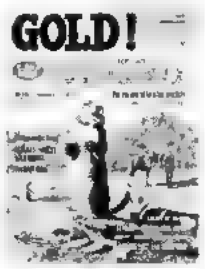

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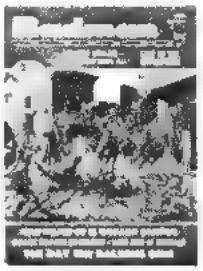
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SPECIAL ANNUALS

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hoon and his possible birthplace in Virginia.—Mrs. Barbra Efraimson, Box 46, Margo, Saskatchewan, Canada

McCain-Ford-Epperson-Lane-Smith-Crosby

If you are descended from Hance McCain, North Carolina; John Absolam Ford, Illinois and Florida; David, Wm., or Anthony Epperson, Virginia; James Hardage Lane, Virginia; Henry Smith and Sarah Crosby, Virginia, please write and all information will be appreciated and all inquiries answered.—Mrs. William A. Shepherd, Box 268, Shady Cove, Oregon 97539

Baker-Sanders-McLain

James Baker, lawman in Kansas or Missouri, was my husband's grandfather. He was born in Sedalia, Missouri. I would like any information that I can get on him. He also lived in Wisconsin and Idaho.

I am also seeking information on Emory Sanders from Ohio, and John McLain from Boston, Massachusetts. Each of these men served in the Civil War. Any information on any of them or the families of these men would be greatly appreciated.—Jane A. (McLain) Baker, Route 1, Box 28, Harper, Oregon 97906

Brashear

Seeking descendants of Grandfather Joseph Waters Brashear's brothers and sisters. He was born in 1843 in Gallatin County, Kentucky. Their names were William, John I., Harriett or Hallie, Henry Clay, Charles, Samuel, Katherine, Can, George and Anna.—Thelma C. Rowden, 1222 Park Avenue, La Junta, Colorado 81050

Isom-Jones-Caldwell-Roberts-Dyar

I would like to hear from anyone who knows the whereabouts of my cousin Virner Sylvester Isom who left home in Hodges, Alabama in 1920 or 1921. If living he would be about seventy-eight or eighty. He may be somewhere in Texas or California.

Would also like to hear from anyone who is kin or has any information on John A. H. Jones, Confederate veteran from Georgia or South Carolina. Would like to know names of his father, mother, brothers and sisters.

Also Henry Caldwell who married Permelia Jones. After she died, he married Sara Ann Wright. Who were the parents, brothers and sisters of John D. Roberts of South Carolina? John married Mattie Ellen Sweat. Any information on the Elisha Dyar family of Franklin County, Georgia? Or Lewis Wright who married a Pruett? —Monroe Roberts, 315 North 29 Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68503

When Steam Was Power

(Continued from page 27)

rainy winter days—and used one for shade in the blazing heat of summer. Bill never showed any friendliness on the job if several men were about, but on the occasions when I happened to be alone with him I found him to be pleasant and humorous.

There were cold, wet, miserable working days in winter and long blistering days in summer but the job was never monotonous—and it had a funny side that is best remembered.

ON my first Sunday on the job I was assigned to work as helper in the big blacksmith shop—work that was entirely new to me. The blacksmith was a big

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husky Greek.

A lot of forge-welding was done; threaded inch-and-a-quarter diameter stubs were forged onto the ends of long tie-rods that held tanks onto the tankcar-bolsters.

That morning the smithy got a weld ready and told me that while he held the rounding-iron in place I was to tap it with a eight-pound sledgehammer. I started to tap as he directed and he yelled, "Aw, hit it!"

I did—with a full-arm swing—and spattered his two-hour heating job to hell-and-gone like a fireworks explosion. His yell and wild look were all that I needed to head me out of the shop as fast as I could run—and I was moving! He was right after me, cussing in Greek and throwing everything he could pick up en route. He just plain scared the hell out of me and I headed down among the cars on the rip-track—with Bill Stocker roaring at us and trying to catch up on his stumpy little legs.

I got around one end of a car with the smithy at the other end, still heaving stones, railspikes and anything else that was handy. We were about out of breath but Stocker wasn't, and when he had cooled us a bit he asked for an explanation. He asked each of us in turn. I was still a bit leery of the big smithy but we finally ended grinning and shaking hands. *In fact, we soon became good friends and* he taught me a lot about blacksmithing and made me several excellent chisels and gouges as gifts.

I have often wondered if he really *tried* to hit me that day. He couldn't have missed me so many times!

On another Sunday I was teamed up with a big foreigner who wore a tremendous red moustache. I never learned his nationality but I do know that he ate raw garlic for lunch.

We were installing Westinghouse drawbars—a heavy and tricky job, with big hydraulic jacks. The drawbar and coupling weighed close to 300 pounds and there were immense coil springs and follower-blocks and a belly-plate with heavy bolts. There was much heaving, grunting, puffing and blowing while I was starting to bolt up the belly plate.

That second-hand garlic was finally too much for me and I was backing out from under the car, with several of Deacon Jones' choice phrases, when I bumped against Al Cotton's legs. I was mad and he knew it. I don't remember all I said, but it was plenty. I was ready to pull the pin and quit right then!

Al talked me out of it and asked if I would work as helper with a freelance repairman, Red Lucas, doing light-repair work on the running gear of freight cars sidetracked at little towns and spur-tracks in the upper Sacramento Valley. I liked that job and we did a lot of traveling with all expenses paid and lots of overtime.

THAT job led to an offer of a place on the Big Hook—the wreck-train on the mountain division over the Sierra between Roseville and Sparks, Nevada. The crew was a great team of guys.

I was a couple of degrees above a batboy on the team and took care of the tool car, issuing and replacing equipment. On long runs when I had nothing else to do, I helped the cook in the dining-car while the rest of the crew played cards and razzed me.

During a derailment run up the valley beyond Marysville, in a dense fog, the engineer "bigholed" the air brakes to avoid ramming a stalled freight train. The terrific jolt threw me flat on my back in front of the open commissary door and I was almost buried under foodstuffs from the shelves—flour, rice, baking powder, syrup, canned goods and slabs of bacon. I worked during all of that run and several hours more back in the yards cleaning up the mess and helping the cook store fresh supplies.

The wreck-train was made up of the Big Hook (a steam-operated crane that could lift 150 tons), two flatcars loaded with rails, ties and other heavy gear, the tool-car, the Pullman sleeper for the crew, and the dining car. The train was pulled by a big "3700 series" mountain locomotive and had right-of-way over all traffic except #1 and #2—the cross-continent passenger trains.

Crew members were on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and time off had to be arranged days ahead. We had outfits of work clothes and rain gear in lockers on the train, and five blasts on the roundhouse whistle was the signal to get aboard—right quick. We were away several days at a time on wreck-runs and I saw a number of bad mishaps with locomotives on their sides, freight cars smashed and track torn up.

I ALSO learned something about the different types of big mountain locomotives. Those great "hogs" seemed marvelous pieces of machinery to me. The biggest of all were the Mallet "compound" freight engines that had eight drive-wheels and two cylinders to a side. (If I remember correctly the S. P. classed them as the 4400 series.) They ran reversed—that is, with the cab forward and enclosed with glass. They were not originally designed to run reversed but it was found that because of their great size and length there was little forward visibility—but the main reason for running cab-forward was because the crew could not stand the heat, soot and gases from the tremendous exhaust-blast in tunnels and snowsheds.

The helper engine, cut into a long haul of red-ball (perishable) freight, was not an enviable assignment. It was said that a rookie fireman who finished a helper-run "over the hump" and didn't quit, had it made as a fireman or oiler. The helper-engine crews used to set the throttle when they entered the tunnels, then cover themselves with wet blankets and squat on the deck-plate between cab and tender. Besides exhaust smoke and gases from the stack there was terrific heat and almost invisible jets of flame from the joints around the fire-box door. Two young fellows I knew went to the hospital with damaged lungs after helper-runs. One didn't survive.

It was tough on the mountain-run but the pay was good—and there was lots of overtime.

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Every time I start to put the blame for something on somebody other than us gents here at WP, I remember that passage in the Bible that reads something like this: "He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone." Well, if we weren't completely perfect here, never make a mistake, never do anything wrong, our hands as lily-white as young goat fuzz, then we couldn't say that the mailer's machine broke down, he's having plate-making difficulties, and trouble like the seven-year itch. It's so bad at times, he tells us, that when he hits the key for "w" for instance. "Kilroy was here!" comes out. He just says "&%$#?!", hits the key again and what fun he has.

So, Chum, if you don't get your copy drop a card our way and we'll do our blamedest. It ought to be cleared up in a couple weeks. Ain't life wonderful?

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locomotives for valley use, hauling either fast freight or passenger trains. There were several less important types of light high-wheel locomotives and, of course, the switching-engines known as "yard goats." All locomotives were oil-burners.

IT WAS in the spring of '25 that I witnessed the trial run of the first Baldwin three-cylinder engine, assembled in Sacramento and tested at Roseville. Those "5000 series" were about the last and most modern steam locomotives before the advent of the diesels. They also were probably the most powerful, having been designed for fast mountain use.

They were the only three-cylinder locomotives. The third cylinder was centered under the front of the engine and the cylinder-head showed just above the cow-catcher. It turned the crankshaft axle of the first pair of drive-wheels and added its power between strokes of the side-cylinders. On its test run at Roseville, that first "5000" moved 103 cars but pulled a drawbar out of a car near the middle of the train. It was an awesome piece of machinery.

Years later, during World War II, I sat in my automobile, waiting at a crossing in San Gorgonio Pass in Southern California. The approaching locomotive of a westbound fast freight attracted my attention by the unforgettable 1-2-3 rhythm of its exhaust. It was number 5006—and the last of the 5000s I ever saw.

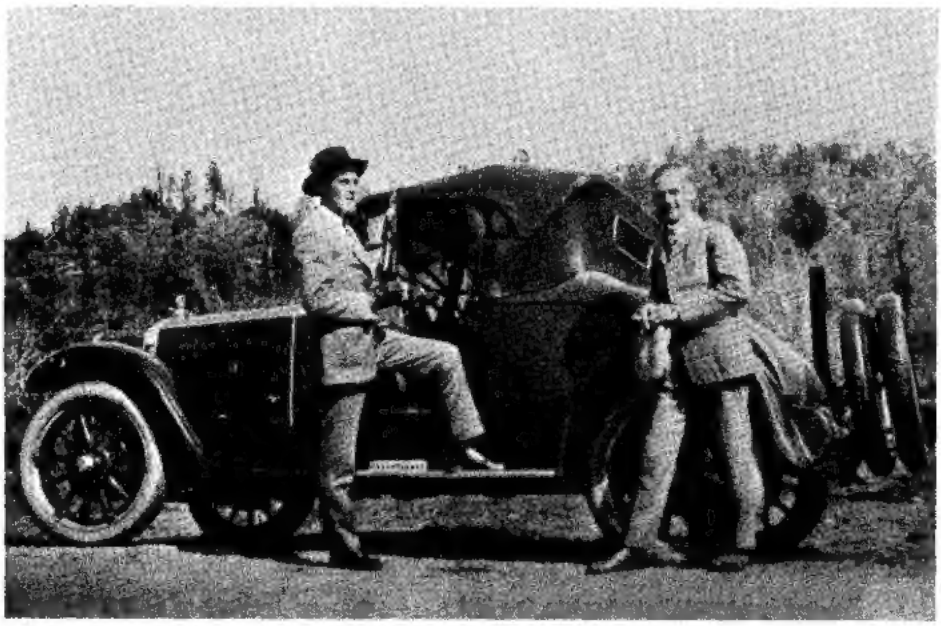
The big, fast and powerful 3700s remained "the queens of the road" until replaced by diesels. I saw the great reversed compound-Mallets many times on the San Gorgonio Pass run before they were retired.

I once rode a locomotive—only once. I had become acquainted with an engineer or "hogger" called Baldy (for obvious reasons). He usually pulled the wreck-train on valley runs. He called me "the Damn Yankee" and I called him "the Unreconstructed Rebel." He used to say that at his age he wouldn't mind being reconstructed.

Pulling out of Marysville on the run south to Roseville, he asked if I would like to ride the hog. It was a high-wheel 3200 and, running fast over that valley track, the deck-plate between cab and tender rocked, pitched and bucked. I got car-sick. It was funny to Baldy but not to me—I climbed over the tender and into the cars, very green around the gills—and was done with locomotive riding.

Baldy had railroaded all of his working years. We sat drinking coffee in the railroad lunchroom one evening when a returning locomotive whistled for the roundhouse switch. Old Baldy grunted and said, "That's a young hogger letting his wife know he's headed home. Now I never do that! I come home quietly and knock on the front door—then I grab a baseball bat and run to the back door. I haven't missed a s-o-b in ten years!" (I had already learned that Baldy had been a widower for many years.)

A couple of affluent "boomers" all diked-up in 1925. Lynn Hedgespeth (left) and the author.



ROSEVILLE, then, was a railroad town with a division roundhouse, great freight and repair yards, and the Pacific Fruit Express' ice-making plant with a half-mile long icing platform. It was one of the world's biggest ice plants in its day. The town was wide-open and tough. Though those were Prohibition years there were about a dozen bootleg and gambling joints that I knew of. I didn't patronize either bars or tables but I did play pool and was free to come and go as I pleased.

A lot of money changed hands in those joints. I saw hoggers, oilers and shacks lose all of their two-weeks checks during a single evening of play. There was a serious brawl at least once a week, occasionally a knifing or shooting. If any trouble started I was long gone!

The town marshal was tall, tough and fearless—but he also was an opportunist who got a cut from bootleg and gambling joints. One night he went to collect his cut from a joint in an alley between Riverside Avenue and the railroad fence. Three stickup men were holding up the bar-keep when the marshal started to enter, and they took a couple of shots at him through the door. He wisely ducked back out of sight and squatted behind a tree. As the stickups came out he picked off two and wounded the third one. I was across the street when the shooting started—and you could have played cards on my coat-tails as I left for home. (My mother didn't raise any foolish children!)

I have chuckled many times over another incident that occurred in the spring of 1925. The little doctor who was in charge of the railroad hospital was a very capable medic but he did indulge in an extended binge a couple of times a year. I was in town the Sunday evening of his most celebrated booze-fest.

He lived out in the Shellhouse Tract north of town and the marshal usually intercepted him and got him home again without incident, but on this occasion the doctor had saddled his little pinto horse, strapped on a pair of .44s and ridden down the main street whooping and waving his gun in Wild West fashion. When he rode into one of the biggest combination poolhall-bootleg and gambling places, there was a general exodus through its back and front doors.

The marshal, attracted by the uproar, quietly told Doc to go home and sleep it off or he would be arrested; to which Doc replied, "Damn you, Lew, if you put me in jail I'll burn it down!" Naturally, the marshal couldn't back down on his ultimatum in front of the crowd so he threatened to shoot Doc's arm off if he didn't hand over his guns and come along to jail.

I learned the next day that late that night Doc set fire to the mattress in his cell, and that he and two other overnight "guests" were nearly asphyxiated before they were rescued. But the big joke to everyone was that the jail really did burn to the ground!

The judge sentenced Doc to a stiff fine and put him on probation and the railroad gave him fifteen "brownies" (days without pay). Sometime later on I heard that Doc had quietly donated a large sum toward the building of a cement-block jailhouse.

AFTER about nine months of rip-track work, light-repairing with Red Lucas, and then that stint with the wreck-train crew, I tired of the long hours and quit the Southern Pacific to work for the Pacific Fruit Express where the pay and working hours were a little better. That was the way of boomers.

That was nearly fifty years ago, when the age of steam was near its peak. Even now, when a train wakes me at night, I can recall those fast runs over the hump behind a 3700—the wailing whistle of the big engine and the trailing cloud of smoke and steam.

Were those the "good old days"? A matter of opinion—but certainly living seemed a lot less complicated then, and a dollar earned was all yours.

But the great steam locomotives are all long-gone. Railroading has changed. Well remembered places—Colfax, Auburn, Immigrant Gap, Cisco Creek, the snow-sheds, Truckee, Red Hill, Reno, Sparks—all are there on the mountain run—but they're not quite the same.

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THIS IS NO. 102, "COWBOY SPORT"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 11½x16
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation to the Sun, 11½x16
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 11½x16
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—Western Warriors
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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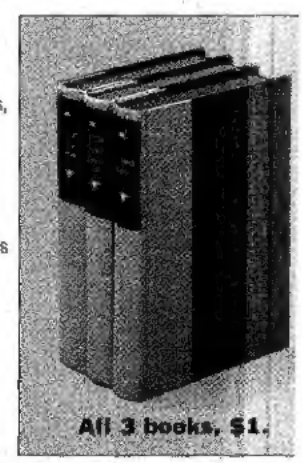

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